No. 2 Autumn, 1927

THE EXILE

EDITED BY EZRA POUND

2

In this Number

JOHN RODKER
R. C. DUNNING
E. P.
CARL RAKOSI
ROBERT McALMON
G. S. SEYMOUR
JOE GOULD

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CHICAGO

THE EXILE

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JOHN RODKER:

ADOLPHE 1920

(CONTINUED)

HE was wedged by the crowd, and tight within it; but an insistent hand which he had tried to ignore was on his arm. He turned, saw Angela. Suddenly that anguish which all day had vibrated in him fell away, leaving him solid, as though she poured herself, quicksilver, into all his veins. He began to breathe again, his chest that had been tight, expanded, his blood flowed easily. And his anguish? He could not remember it. She smiled with parted lips and the wide, luminous eyes looked at him with pleasure. He had come out of a nightmare, her proximity comforted, his demons had left him, gone back into her, the mask of her face hiding the ravage they made in her. How could he know what she felt? But he must not enquire and if she left him again, again the pack would spill out over him. He was safer by her side and a sudden apprehension that she

might go frightened him. Wondering, he looked into her face, but saw nothing. Some act of God had stormed mountains into valleys, piled seas on mountains. She had come. Now all was changed and his way lost in her. How could he know her again? Yet he watched her face with blind, eager faith and because she smiled, was happy. And when she put out her hand, saying, Darling, his heart turned over and he followed her to a corner where she threw her arms around him, sighing deeply, pressing her lips to his own. His every question faded, yet he said but what! Were you unhappy? No, not unhappy! But why—tell me—talk to me—what are you doing here? I don't know. I thought I would come in. Have you been to the hotel? No! I can't understand. How can you stand there? Is all my suffering nothing to you? Have you suffered?

He looked at her, his lips trembling.

Had he suffered? Too much! his heart said, pounding. But what is it? Why are you here? Don't you love me? Yes, I love you! But how—how could you—and where have you been? I don't know. He wanted me! But I wanted you. Yes, I know. I suppose he was new. I suppose so.

The eyes glimmered, the eyeballs darted

to the side of her head. And why leave him now? Isn't he suffering? I don't know

He shook her roughly. What is it? Are you ill? No, not ill. Angela, darling, what is it? Nothing.

Monica had come up to them with a rush, babbling, but she turned away coldly. I don't like women. But it's Monica, he said. I know.

Monica was trembling, wringing her hands beseechingly, but Angela went out of the tent and they followed her. It was she he had seen. She had avoided him. But her treachery which at another moment might have hurt him, seemed justified, the subject now for explanation; he was glad, for later she would talk, tell him she loved him, explain. Anxiously he followed her, and once she turned as though encouragingly, moving rapidly through the crowd. Her voice was still in his ears, now it fled on the swift current, dragging his entrails. She had been torn, was being torn. He saw her swim rapidly from him, seeking some charm for her hurt, and Monica followed in distress, seeing both fly from her. He came up with her in a stuffy, bare bar, sat at her marble table. She looked furiously at him, her head on her hands, her eyes looking sideways, and started when Monica

came, then for a long time there was silence. Suddenly she turned to him. What are you doing with that woman? What do you mean? How dare you?

She got up to go, but he pushed her back. Sit down, you can't go again.

Monica looked hurt, puzzled. Do you really hate me, Angela?

But there was no reply; the pale eyes flashed equivocal. Too disgusting. I leave you for a moment and you're with that woman. O! said both in revolt. I can't think why I came back. Angela! said Monica, crying, and went out of the cafe. O now I've hurt her. I have hurt her, she said in distress. Do fetch her back.

He made no move. Yes! you've hurt her. What does it matter? She won't mind tomorrow and you'll have forgotten.

But she rose as though to fetch her. O do sit down.

She turned, smiling to him. Come and sit here. He sat by her. Turned towards him, a glass in one hand, minutely she looked into his face, his eyes. What did she see? Nothing had changed him. She was not lost in him. He seemed older, tired. Did I hurt you? she asked, hopefully.

He smiled, yes.

Large tears were forming in her eyes. Like a ghost her face grew larger, reaching towards him, drifting wonderingly through his own. His own eyes filled and he said: Come out!

He held her arm tightly. She was his world, cold to his fingers. She began to tremble. He hated her for it. There was too much he did not know. But he thought too it might be because she was with him, was mollified and held her tighter. O if she shuddered because she was with him, then all was well. Darling, don't be miserable, really it's all right! She smiled at him. Some moments are too painful, he told himself, and the thought took the edge off his pain. But what was she thinking? Neither thinking nor feeling. She was blank to him, a flint-hard surface nothing could scratch nor alter.

Then he could mean nothing to her. That depressed him. How ask himself was she bad or good, for her, for himself? That was not the point. So vague all was. She walked on the walls, her eyes frightened, her face veiled, yet she could assure him of himself. He loved her and his life was full. He hated her and his life was full, but between those poles life

was arid for either; they hung upon each other, destroying, thwarting. Better that than lose her, she was so much part of him. But what inexplicable desire, startling, surprising, gratifying him, threw her suddenly in his arms, crushing him, tears in her flying eyes, her voice broken, as though she loved him, more, needed him, forcing the old gesture, as though they were part of each other. Later she would veil herself, recede. She told him he loved her and he believed it. But instinctively he knew he was hallucinated, his only excuse that he had for a moment held her, indued her with his love, his lusts, like so many.

Yet he could not think she had not come back to him; though at any moment she might. I'm so glad you're back. Are you glad you're back? He wanted to say but said nothing. What could she say but Yes!

It was not her words, but that was all he had to believe in. What had he ever had? His uncertainty and even his resentment he had no right to, was bewildered by them. She had imposed him on herself and it was important to him to feel necessary to her. Illusion. Yet she was with him, but for how long, and why? She might leave him soon. That was most strange, most inexplicable. Had he seemed as far from her as

she from him, that morning, when he felt no converging roads could ever in the wide world bring them together again? And what vow could he tear from her deepest heart to make her stay? And after, her face would turn cold, then he would urge her to go, and she would go or stay, unmask or grow harder. He stopped thinking. She knew what currents she must sink or rise into. But it comforted him that his heart, fluttering, hiding, would always follow, watch. And if she saw it she would be touched or irritated. Madness not to be able to count on her. What was she and from what childhood did she come to him, and what did she bring?

Impulses, fears, preoccupations, anxieties, what had made inevitable their collision and what now forced them away? By distant tortuous ways he had come to meet her and he thought she to meet him. He held her, but they could not meet again.

Yes, he held her and from time to time she turned gratefully to him, but he felt he knew there was a wall between them.

Yet she trembled, perhaps had trembled yesterday, held by another. But that thought did not bring her nearer. There were still walls. Something happened inside her, her lime salt reserve was high or low,

her walls were up or down; she would not share with him if they dictated it. Sometimes a sponge is hard, sometimes soft, always impenetrable. Could he percolate into her and the woman who held his heart? Where was she?

He made an effort and came out of that watery waste in which he tracked her, caught her to him. One must be simple. There was a giant racer and he led her to it. Let's try this. But she shuddered away. Ah no! While they stood, Monica, her face flushed, her hair flying and her hat in her hand, a man at her side, was coming out.

O Angela! It's too marvellous. Do come on, it is so thrilling. Her excitement was contagious, and brightened him but Angela shuddered. I couldn't. O I can't. Yet each supporting an arm they led her faltering to the car. Her lips against his face, her eyes shut, she waited for each vertiginous swoop, her breath so caught he thought he held her heart. Some warmth from her made him feel she came back to him. On his other side Monica yelled with delight, with terror, her fingers pressing into his knee, while about them people howled, and on the crest from which the rails plunged vertically into darkness, shudderingly gasped.

Light streaked far below and into the distance. He saw the dark heath, its glittering light, the tent in which for a moment she had come to him and his heart had broken. Yet he held her, yet she was real. That was what he could not convince himself of. Madness. He had seen her torn, her pale singing head upon the river. How long he had sought her and still did, yet he knew he would not find her. A woman lives in the house, sits opposite you at meals or sews, is sweet or cross, pale sometimes; in the dark her hair crackles under the comb and sometimes the silk shift crackles with blue sparks. She has her thoughts; they take her browsing through the night. You ask yourself why she stays, wonder why she does not go, then she is with another. All grows dark. The car came to a stand, they staggered with wavering knees into a bar, but Angela scowled at them and while they drank her eyes shifted under the frowning eyebrows. After a time she said to Monica, I thought you'd gone.

Her escort rose, threatening. I won't have Monica spoken to that way; and Dick rose angrily too, as though it were expected of him, but Angela said, O sit down. Do let's drink something. And Monica too

said to her escort, Do shut up. What's it got to do with you?

The room grew dirtier, smokier, the lights more pallid. He was looking intently at Angela's face which now was drawn and tired like that of a cherished sickly child. She had been lost. He saw her hurrying through a cold, sun-filled square, naked under the thin dress, or in lamplit night, alone but with her demons; her frock torn open, rain beating the white skin, the darkness at her core forcing the eye down in wretched violence. Behind her face the deep holes in her skull bored into other holes in other skulls, in yearning apprehension, her very carriage apprehensive. Had she been a stranger to him he must have looked after her in painful wonder at that frantic haste which feared everything. What death and corruption had been her earliest food to make her so passionate for life, her stars impelling her through zones of death; the war or water, aeroplanes or motors, killed those she loved. So her love too was now a death, the sacred ties a deliquescence. That passion which now but in seeming filled her, in another must have forced deep significance and solemn warning upon each stone. Those stones were sacred. Yet that street saw her with another

and with others and no stone rose in witness against her, she who was, was not a stone. They were the witness of her triumph. She brought her trembling victims to the stench of earlier sacrifices, her bemused mind already ranging new fields for other conquests. And the man hurried too, bewildered, seeming to long to loiter, but part of her mysterous greed.

That picture was eternal. He saw her projected through innumerable sunlit squares, lamplit, shining streets, hurrying, seeking, frantic. Behind, protesting, a man or himself. Yet she had left that frame, come back to him. Yet she would go from him. Now she was silent with tired, angry eyes.

They drank in silence. After a time the tiredness faded from her face, the mouth smiled, the cheeks grew full, the chin plump and the eyes clear. She put her hand out and generously pressed his own. That was heartrending, but he was glad too. A clock struck midnight and the street, when they went out, was empty; the polished road shining under the lamps, reflecting even the starlight which, like a cloud of sulphur butterflies, had settled upon the sand, throbbing and sucking up the moisture left by a receding tide. By the light of flares men in

shirt-sleeves were taking down booths, the loosened canvas flapping loudly in the night wind, dust and paper swirling.

In air they were suddenly drunk and Angela began to run, bounding like a child, like a herd, as light as air and then heavy, he following. She put her arms round him and it was a woman, alive, laughing, hanging to him, kissing him warmly, wanting to climb. He felt she soared, was rising into the air and clung to her, holding her back. But again she ran from him, touching the walls, the door handles, as she went, peering into windows, hiding in shadow, coming into light like the changing light and darkness of a tree, plucking at his hand to pull him after her, and he followed willingly, happy to be wanted, wishing to have her to himself.

They were in the open where the marquees had stood. Now their dark skeletons were black on the sky. Men in the light of flares bent over stacks of canvas. The heath was waste, the sky empty, lowering. Vaguely he dreamed of an immense luminous face upon his own, growing larger against the sky. Before he could stop her she was swarming up a pole. He pulled her roughly down and she clung to him, her face

near his own, growing nearer till it was utterly on his own.

Against his will he put up his lips to her.

The others had come up, Monica silent and furious, and the change from her late meekness surprised him. The man was green, his eyes sunk, his jaws working, his whole being staggering as though about to rend itself, and insolently he waved his arms in a futile gesture. He remembered the snake woman and led them to her. Her china eyes were glazed, she rocked on her feet, the snake was heavily round her neck, the battered features sagged in an unwilling smile. She was surprised to see him and for a long time could not understand what he said, saying foolishly, Eh, cocky, cocky? But when Angela, awake now, pulled at the snake, and begged to handle it, the film flickered from her eyes; she suddenly woke, gave its nose a rapid lick, and asking them to wait, disappeared, leaving Angela with the snake round her neck. Its body hung solid; occasionally the eyes blinked, the head reared a little or swam from her, its restless tongue slipping in and out. She still clung to it in the taxi and despite their remonstrances would not be parted from it. From time to time its owner

caressed its head in the warm triangle of her closing palm.

The dim, low room in which they later found themselves was like other low rooms. White tiles, a scarlet bench round the wall, a cash desk and a woman like a dummy behind it, writing minute figures on a large block. After a while there was a waiter who looked at them, started a little when he saw the snake, went away. They sat against the wall and Angela was by his side. In his peace he had half forgotten she was with him. The snake hung round her neck and she could not keep her hands from it till its owner in sudden jealously took it from her. The waiter came back, hesitated, came nearer, took their order, went away again.

A negro with a gaudy scarf round his loins came into the room. He was bronze in the light and an enormous smile shone in the cropped head, averted lips, triangular teeth. He sat with them and his hand caressed the snake's jaws, and innocent and contented he asked for brandied cherries. Dick's half-smoked cigarette dropped from his fingers. He bent to pick it up, but she stopped him. It's dirty. Yet it obsessed him and furtively he kicked it nearer. But

she placed her foot on it. Too disgusting. How can you?

That was too much. He was suddenly kneeling on the floor, pushing her shoe aside, but her feet fought with him, and when he had forced her legs the lamentable stub of frayed tobacco brought him to his senses. How could he? he wondered. It seemed disgusting to her he should want it again after the filthy floor. Yesterday he would have thought so too. But he still regretted it and could not believe she had destroyed it. That part of his mind which held the immortality of love, held the immortality of cigarette ends.

He got out from under the table, sat erect again, tearing himself painfully from the comfort of her skirts.

The room was beginning to fill. His companion stared vaguely into the room; Monica's escort grimaced crossly at the negro; the snakewoman's nose hung over her glass.

The light faded. A cold, smoky smell invaded the room. Angela felt something hard against her hand and shrieked. It was the snake. A scarlet lime was shot through the room and small blue lights flashed off the heads of negroes massed upon the plat-

form. In one moment all put coruscating tubes to their monstrous lips. He felt their gold teeth must be flashing too. A loud bray of music began to paw them, the limes revolved rapidly, plum, orange, green, blue, and small brillant lights continued to buzz off the heads, eyeballs and instruments like a swarm of bluebottles around a dunghill.

The room was suddenly full. They twirled in couples over the floor, the girls fat, trustful, in spectacles; busily chewing; their legs twitching, buttocks rocking on a fulcrum, progressing minutely round the floor. His whole face was absorbing light, a plate glass window. The music rocked faster, sleepier, the dancing couples hurried; and when some polished surface caught the limes, small lights flew off; so that the room glimmered and winked and the mirrors round the wall were full of myriad fluttering insects dancing round pale faces, from which sombre eyes gloomed under masses of pale hair, bursting like the aloe. And the music rocked through the room and strong male voices rolled upon it as on a deep comforting flood, uplifting his heart. They were solid, but the white faces were ill; life weighted too heavily upon them; they peered furtively at it.

The music ended. The light was white

again. There was a hurried shuffling of chairs and the room was suddenly too full. And through it all the cold smell of smoke. All five were in a trance, the bottles empty.

The lights were dark again and a scarlet lime beat full on the platform. Suddenly there was a small negro in dinnerjacket, top hat, half bent on himself, frantically dancing a sort of clog dance, his coat-tails flying, his heels jigging, his hands waving, teeth flashing, face wide open in a spasmodic grin. The music hurried, his tic was more violent. With anguish they waited for exhaustion to stop him, but he went on, his body bending nearer the ground, leaping high, falling on one foot, then on the other, jigging, jerking; till in a sympathetic frenzy the audience rose to its feet, violently clapping. That suddenly cut his energy; he staggered off. In his place stood a girl. A pearl glowed in her ear like a moon. Such legs! And her face was Cleopatra's in the British Museum. Her skin was green-yellow, an unripe and downy peach, and her voice rose so sour, so sweet, he could not bear it. She was looking for a lamb, and her voice, bubbling, moaning, complaining, shuddered and died tremulously, murmuring—a child sobbing itself asleep. And again her voice rose, mournful, swaying, like the snake: I

Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray. He gnashed his teeth. With My Saviour by My Side. His heart grew stronger: I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray. He saw Babylon in a great sheet of fire, half the sky cut by lightning; terraces, frantic princes and their concubines in too heavy jewelled gowns, chariots galloping into the yawning earth.

Her negroes were behind her like a wall, they swayed on bent knees, jigging up and down with an immense brooding composure, thrown back upon themselves, a sombre cloud round each bulging forehead. The stage was full of them, infinitely various, different races almost; their dead white and ebony went through every shade of green and indigo and certain eyes gleamed like green enamel in obsidian masks; so many sizes, shapes, weights could not be human, must be toys, the pekinese and mastiff, marmoset and great ape, doll's bottle and carboy. The contrast of large and small was infinitely touching and an enormous woman had the scarlet, spongy lips and receding profile of a carp. She took her wig off and it was a man; and all the time they fretillated like fish with fierce epileptic vitality and the room filled with an intense, disheartening smell.

Some ritual dance. In a clearing bird-

large moths knock out the torches. Idols squat under an immense vertical moon. Land crabs rustle in the grass. What longing filled her face, dilated her eyes, parted her lips, suspended her breath. Her face was swimming out into the night, upon the sky, seeking some answer. He could not help her. He did not know what she looked for, what new thing she would bring back. It would mean too much for her. It would shut him out and afterwards she would forget it and he unhappily be too far to come back. He turned from her with disgust. The snake was still and the woman who nursed it silent. Monica and her friend were rubbing knees. The room was a haze of smoke, the faces white, drawn. The place was dark again but a radiance came from table cloths and faces. A drum began to beat, first deliberate, then fast. It was their own pulses. It made the heart beat stronger. A red lime floated on the air and on the stage a girl began to turn slowly while her belly moved with a continuous circular motion, then flapped convulsively to a high braying reed which cut the air, her face hanging remote and solicitous over it. The snake had put its head out, swaying to and fro, peering at one and another, not understanding.

More girls came on the stage. They were pink; they smiled in straw hats, white shoes and white suits. They shuffled in a circle, their hands hovering above each other's buttocks, their feet rasping in sand with a monotonous, satisfying sound, as though pushing an immense weight up a hill. And when suddenly the room was in darkness; their clothes were luminous, startling; the boots, shoes, combinations, disembodied: shuffling with a slow, maddening rhythm.

Monica's man stood up, swaying, green, yelled and was among them, shuffling with them, his hands fluttering, his face floating, his senses swaying in their emanations and the room rose to its feet shouting encouragement at him, but the spell was broken and Monica walked quietly down the room and dragged him back to his seat.

His own peace grew deeper, stupefying. The air was heavy, warm, and he could not breathe. He went out of the room into the lavatory. He came out and Angela stood there trembling.

I thought you had gone. Darling, how could I? Her face was on his own, the mouth twisted. You won't leave me. But of course not. Dick, don't leave me.

It was fresh in the anteroom among the glazed tiles. An old woman sat over a

plate of brass coins, engrossed in her knitting. Through the door he saw the long room in darkness and curling smoke billowing in the scarlet rope of the lime. People passed continually by them, emerging women holding lip sticks, pausing at the glass, going away.

The cistern gurgled. He thought they had never been so alone. She had left him; she had come back. He shook her and she clung to him. What do you want with me? I love you. I can't live without you. And yesterday? She looked at him mournfully, reproachfully. I loved you too. How can you be so stupid? But I did! What do you mean, You could not. Do understand. He wanted me. I had to. Her head hung in despair. Don't leave me, even if you can't love me. I want you. I don't understand you, he said. But his mind saw her hurrying through a sunlit square, her eyes glazed, yet darting; her fingers holding, forgetting. I don't know what you want! he said then in deep depression. No, but I came back. Yes, he got sick of you. No, she said violently, and for the first time with passion. Else you wouldn't be here. Why not? I left you for him. Not for long. Not really. You would have liked to. Why do you hurt me so? How could you

go so wantonly? I hate you. O you can't. Yes. She turned away in despair, but came back. Don't send me away. Yes, I'm bored. It's a rotten situation. You made it yourself, too. There was no need to go. But I told you he wanted me. I can't believe you. You wanted him, or you were afraid someone else might. Frightful to think you can't let one get by you. Me too you followed, when I fled from you. I don't know; it is all over; really it is. How can it be? For you yes, but never for me. And feverishly he asked: What did he have I couldn't give you? He wanted me, she said, with sombre pride. Did I hate you then, he asked, his shamed eyes watering, feeling that somewhere, perhaps, hidden in himself, sensed only by her, that hatred lay. He would have promised anything rather than go on talking. Wanted to hurt, frighten her. And she was nearer to him when he held her off. You hurt me; you go away. Why should I go on being hurt? But I love you. It's been awful. I know. I had to come back. I have too. She was crying. That hardened him. But where is he? What have you done with him? He was afraid she might tell him who it was.

That man was suddenly too important, he filled the room. He sat in a train, a

hotel room, and Angela was with him. They moved to and fro in it with small gestures and his own part in her was now part of that other. Some part of himself now lived anonymously, anywhere, even his bastards were not his own. How could he know what part of him she had given away, or everything or nothing! Why not be furious when somewhere it is still indecent to eat in public. Or perhaps that man too, like himself, would not listen to her, had vainly tried to hold back the pack. And if they met, what could they pretend to ignore when every gesture or smile must betray each to the other. For each his new relation must be ghastly, but she was glad men thought of her in the far quarters of the globe. Or if indeed sometime he would not care, then all was worse.

She said, I don't know where he is. I came away. He's gone on. Yes, and at any moment, he'll come back, take you away again. O no! she said sadly. I couldn't. And anywhere at any moment I may hear him say, Yes, she bored me with her love or 'her breasts'. Don't, don't go on! I hate you, he said sadly. Don't, don't, she was clutching at him, stroking his arm wildly. I shall kill myself. Yes, kill yourself.

She did not seem to hear him, but in a moment her eyes widened, her mouth fell open in horror. Kill myself, she said as though he had said it. Oh, I couldn't. She was silent, her mouth beginning to work suddenly. Do say something to me. Do say it's all right. If you look at me so I shall feel I have to go again, find some assurance. But I know you want me, that you do love me. You do, don't you?

She might be right. Certainly her need for assurance put assurance into his mind to give back to her. And to himself it was proof. How strange, she should feel she needed as a proof that assurance which she had given him, and which would be given back to her. He did not want her, but he could not say it. But she knew what she wanted, increasing herself through him, a transformer, getting back to herself. And her mind which simulated doubt was clear. What am I to do with you. His head, too, was clearing, his anguish seemed false to him. How could he not believe her? But tomorrow all could so easily happen again. Women still went in and out, turning heavy eyes on them. He saw themselves as they must seem, pale, with deep eyes vibrating to each other, solid-seeming. I was frantic. When I got away there was only you in my

head. You will think that proves I wanted to go, but I was too miserable to stay away. I thought you were miserable. But I was afraid of it too, felt guilty, didn't know what to do. It seemed easier to go on going away. I couldn't face you. How could I? It seemed so impossible to ask you to forgive me. And there seemed nothing to forgive. He thought he too would have behaved so; it was true there was nothing to forgive. Nothing had happened.

He believed her. How could he do anything else? What he wanted to be sure of was that she would not go again. But how make sure of that?

There was still time for him to turn away. Then she would be in despair, unhappy, resigned or furious; look like death; talk of suicide; till after a last burst of anger her letters died away, plaintively shuddering. A year, and she would have forgotten him. Rather than face that oblivion he would comfort her, grow more deeply still into her, give her time to find herself, and tranquil again turn to some new figure which should be all he had once seemed to her. He was only postponing it. He saw her suddenly, burnt terra cotta, her cheeks flushed, bending, a garden figure of a satyr at her back. She bent blindly; not happy

nor unhappy, compelled by an imperious need, all her being absorbed.

Not happy nor unhappy. What had he to do with that blind force? It did not concern him and he had no part in it and his passion of jealously was for a lust that did not include him. His rancour dropped.

Yet it always seemed new to her. Yet it still seemed to her the road must end joyfully as it began. She walked so many roads. How could she still be unaware that darkness was inevitably part of distance, the road narrowing, grown precipitous, the shadows falling, age too. She would start on her road with the same passion, knowing of course, but oblivious, that each new effort made the chain she dragged longer, heavier. And yet there was a chance another might take her chain, and yet she might find grace.

Why did he resent her sunward turning that was natural in any other creature. So many suns and one for each, yet which was false among the true. The moth might be in error yet paid for its conclusions. But Angela, flapping blindly round her sun, had lamentably involved him, and that he could not forgive. Yet armies had followed a girl and humanity enlisted under the banner

of the telephone directory. His problem too would always be the same. Another man, hated, feared; would he stay in or get out. He would get out, his fear stronger than his hatred. His fear of what? Not of the man. Of the woman, then. Yes, and that was fear of himself. Go before she told him she respected him, was used to him; the proof, familiarity had made her dry, but another could make that flute note flash open, shut. Then what—nothing; but a conviction of impotence that would poison his life for a long time.

All that was too much of a weight, he felt, and threw it off, straightening his back. She straightened too, smiling innocently, a full beam of trusting understanding vibrating to him. You won't leave me, she said then. No, of course not.

Her face fell sombre again. The ordeal she had set herself was over and she might relax.

Monica was standing by them, furious. How much longer are we to wait for you? If you think it amusing—and your beastly snake woman drunk as can be. And how dare you tell me Angela had left you. What has it to do with you anyway, and why are you so furious? Are you so poor your first

thought is to defend yourself? And why do you shout as though I meant to criticise you, he half-shouted, following Angela back into the room, and even that short distance she walked feverishly with staccato steps, swaying.

The room was dark. A haze which held suspended tables, guests, lights. They came out of the white light of their conversation into the heavy vault-like smell of the room. Nothing had moved. The woman had her nose in the glass, her snake swaying from side to side; and the negro sat by her, looking fearfully at it, his own snake-teeth shining. When they sat down he looked happily at them and when he made a gesture the inside of his hand was crumpled pink, repulsive, the outside indigo. It was strange there were now no women in the place, and while they sat they found themselves little by little surrounded by monstrous boys who quarrelled, fought, dabbed at each other with futile paws. Some were fat and pale, others darkly tragic, and they asked for brandied cherries appealingly, snuffling like the coati in the small cat house. One wore a toga, another sang a street song in a rich contralto, his blanket slipping from his shoulders, then made a collection. The negro seemed only half there, simple, his

voice lost in his clicking, tied tongue. He was smiling to himself and with a look of false bewilderment held a paper for her to read to him. Halting often to ask if he understood her, she read to the negro from the wide black bordered sheet that smelt cold and smoky too.

THE PRINCE KODJO
TOVALOU HOUENOU

Barrister at Law, President of the United League for the Defence of the Black Race, his brothers and sisters, his family and allied families, regret to inform you of the cruel loss sustained by them in the death of

His Royal Highness the King
(JOSEPH) TOVALOU PADONOU
AZANMODO HOUENOU

of the first royal dynasty of Dahomey, issue of the provinces of Allada, Zado, Oueme, Djigbe, Head of the family Houenou, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Member of the Order of the Black Star of Benin, The Order of Ag-

ricultural Merit, The Order of Cambodia;

Their Head, and father, grandfather, brother, cousin, uncle, nephew, father-in-law and deceased friend, at Ouidah the 1st of December in his 70th year and furnished with the sacraments of the Catholic Church.

And pray you to assist at the funeral ceremonies to take place on Monday, December 21st, at 7 o'clock a. m. in the cathedral church of the Immaculate Conception at Ouidah for the repose of his soul, as also at the feasts, wakes and funeral games during the months of January, February, March.

(to be continued)

THRENODY IN SAPPHICS

Spring, O spring, what good is it weaving garlands?
Whose the head thou wreathest to lead thy dances,
Where, in fields made fair of thy face and presence,
Lovely with laughter,

Standest thou importunate? Knowest thou not
Death, O spring, hath taken her—she that last year
Crowned and fair, a goddess and maiden, praised thee
More than all others?

Weep, O spring, fair year so bereft in spirit,
Tears for her at least that so loved and praised thee—
Tears, yea, brief tears fallen upon her new grave
Made ere thy birds came

Flying northward, singing the songs of last year;
Singing madly songs of undying sweetness
Year by year, though now, as ye know, she shall not
Stir when ye sing them.

Wherefore, weep, I charge thee if but in passing;
Brush thy fingers lightly athwart thine eyelids;
Let a cloud sail over the blue of heavens
Hushing a moment

All the clamour ringing in brake and thicket,
Yea and meadows also, till tears or raindrops
Fall on flowers and momently weep as weepeth
Maiden for maiden

Over spring-time graves where no grass yet groweth.
World, O world how now will ye do without her?
Nay, I cannot bear it to see the buds break;
Weeping I see not

Spring nor summer, being but blind and broken,
Bowed in grief unblessed and at odds with blossoms.
Sleepless tears suffuse and distort mine eyeballs;
Wherefore I feel not

Fingers fain to comfort or words half-spoken—
Fain to wean from her, but they cannot do it.
All my being broodeth upon her beauty,
Passionate, perfect,

Pure and peerless, moving a maiden proud souled.
Ever now I dream of her lying nightly
Under trees where once we would lie together
Bare to the moonbeams,

Kissing—yea she kissed me who kissed no other;
Proudly bent to me and disrobed her beauty,
Standing straight a moment and smiling slyly
Ere she would lay her

Closely, more warm-bosomed than any other.
Then my heart took fire in a wind of kisses;
Also she took fire and the rest was madness,
Closely enfolded,

Never loosing hold from each other all night.
Now I lie alone with my dreams and dim thoughts

Watching stars shine sleepless in distant heaven
Sleepless as they are,

Waiting, watching ever for one that comes not.
What, I wonder now, do they watch so keenly.
Stars, do ye, too, watch for her? Nay, O cold ones,
Empty mine arms now,

Yet in nights past over ye kept these vigils
Even more cold eyed in the face of passion
Over both our bodies that leapt and flickered
Spirit to spirit.

Yea, ye watched her living; in death ye miss not
Her, nor aught of anciently dead men: changeless
Shine ye, stars, and spring is again. O goddess
These things are bitter.

Wherefore comfort fails me in earth and heaven;
All the tears I shed are as seed infertile,
Nothing grows thereof but a song of sorrow
Dateless and deathless.

PROLEGOMENA

The drear horror of American life can be traced to two damnable roots, or perhaps it is only one root: 1. The loss of *all* distinction between public and private affairs. 2. The tendency to mess into other peoples' affairs before establishing order in one's own affairs, and in one's thought. To which one might perhaps add the lack in America of any habit of connecting or correlating *any* act or thought to *any* main principle whatsoever; the ineffable rudderlessness of that people. The principle of good is enunciated by Confucius; it consists in establishing order within oneself. This order or harmony spreads by a sort of contagion without specific effort. The principle of evil consists in messing into other peoples' affairs. Against this principle of evil no adequate precaution is taken by Christianity, Moslemism, Judaism, nor, so far as I know, by *any* monotheistic religion. Many "mystics" do not even aim at the principle of good; they seek merely establishment of a parasitic relationship with the unknown. The original Quakers may have had some adumbration of the good principle. (But no early Quaker texts are available in this village.)

CHARACTERS

One of our brassy beefeaters
in grandstand on the continent
bares biceps to the gaping millions,
sinks shaft in market, pockets wheat
holds cornucopia of cash.
Cheers heard before his private front
as he lands place with notables.
We call this tribute in a nutshell,
a miracle of entertainment.

Speaking of beaus sartorial,
perplexed young girl hands laugh to love-
wise.
I am a lovely, irresistible girl
of seventeen, with wondrous witching orbs.
Why do I blaze in my intangibles
like any mandolin romantic,
you, stable as the sterling?

WANTED

Expert experiences black on white
by men who are all white from the midriff
to the arches through the lowest joints.
We train you in accepted imagery,
the sights of love, and other popular sports,
and keep your eyes peeled for the gems of
gab.
Diction or fact, it's all one to the larynx,
that is, one without gentile deformations.

The applicant is to be oriented,
a hustler from his collarbutton up,
upright and spry, a snotshooter who spares
no words or pleasant whispers of address.
Report to us at once with sample pomp
and testimonies of urbanity.

Also a man to master mockery,
a spotlighter with strong intentions.

SUPERPRODUCTION

St. Louis songbirds in Atlanta.
Just a minute. This is romance.
Enter Nancy, picking daisies.
Plughole sounds on the verandah.
All under the bedsheets rise.
The eyes thaw open and detect.

With the change in weather,
exposed and cooped in cold,
Nancy solicits your attention.
Nancy lies finished and deceived,
a sight to make your eyes fail
in the heated rooms, poisoned
by Rudolf's talcum manner.
Now love is slain, and the well-groomed
lover is wanted in seven states.
Again perfidy clicks like a billard ball
and bounds from unexpected cushions.
Nancy's beloved body travels
the long way in a silent box,
unscented, unattended
by rhythmical gloved gentlemen.

Voices demand a happy ending.
Let her find more comfortable quarters,
then, through any heated savior.

REVUE

They say in dreams they have a peetweet's
view
of happy matters, but around them
and ahead stand fixtures of morality.
They scan these properties for some design
with a macabre elegant complexion,
but merely turn the screws of introspection;
turn and pick a ragtime on the strings,
and drink a soda to a better day,
when to a maiden's heart, the ace of wits,
calligrapher and creeping microskeptic,
equipped like tourists with a wordly light,
will sing the blues of a gregarian.

Hi Ho the Merio. Fashion decrees
shaved jawbones for established gents,
and sees them stripped to animal devotions,
swim in oceanic notions.

Leviathan and bulk of melancholy,
shine with us in miserable motions.

ROBERT McALMON:

Truer Than Most Accounts

THE three-day Fourteenth of July celebration burst, Americanly speaking, on Paris that summer, and weeks after, amongst certain people, its impetus was still functioning. In Montparnasse foreigners of many nationalities collected daily about the Rotonde, then in bad favour with Americans. Its patron was *mechant.* He had asked ladies not to smoke cigarettes or to appear hatless on the terrace of his cafe. He also wished to make his place a rendezvous for sightseers, and comfortably incomed bourgeois. The Dome, un-remodeled, dingy, dark interiorly, was the American gathering place. Sur-realists, dadaists, and other young French radicals disproved the legend that Frenchmen do not drink, and that French artists keep aloof from the foreign quarter. They had discovered that Americans are *plus ouverte que les anglais,* temperamentally, and with money. Furthermore, many Americans possessed of style, decorativeness, intelligence

and magnetism, came, departed, loitered, went away, and returned again, this season. The French it was who were most naive and amazed at the scene and events, when they were sober enough. The occasion was frankly vulgar, drunken, and entertaining, with a gusto of clean vulgarity that makes one suspect, that in France, people so gifted can be vulgar with less viciousness than most people are respectable in countries purportedly of higher morality. Tourists passed, eager to find vice-ridden Paris. They found it. Paris is most amiable in the way that she accommodates people by supplying what they are looking for. She is equally amiable in affording means of evading whatever aspects of life one chooses to evade.

Various writers and journalists who partook of the festivities later returned to America to write of the futile and disintegrating degeneracy of the Paris art quarter. Such articles, however, had their futility, in that they were generally one-sided, and did not change the ever-changing life in Montparnasse, which changes of its own will. And the writers and journalists, before, as after, their scathing accounts, were quite apt to be seen in the Quarter. When there, they seemed, and seem, no less drunk-

en and boisterous, no less ready to laugh at obscenity, and no less of the Quarter than other people designated by them as "deracinated Americans." For them, this Bohemian world has the advantage that whatever they do, is done in a spirit of scientific investigation.

This year was the first year after the war that foreigners began again to congregate numerously in Paris. Young ladies were seen to arrive docilely into this region; to appear later as heavy-drinking, wild-women, game for anything. Other noisy women arrived, exhibiting themselves with that evidence which they believed necessary here. Both types learned better in time. Regardless of the legend that Quarterites are unproductive, quantities of serious working writers, painters, dancers, playwrights, musicians, and sculptors, were of the scene. Many of them were not at the time working, but they had been working, and worked later, so that it is possible they would not have been working at this period wherever they might have been. It may be that artists who are surest of what they are about, admit fallow periods, or that they do drink, perhaps to boisterous drunkenness and they don't lack sound-citizen companions. Some realize that Bohemian

centers present in concentrated form their share of human types and manifestations. Failures on Main Street seldom get so severely criticized as the same failures loitering about art-centers, because such centers permit extra relaxation, and no producing artist worries about the salvation of other beings whose best mode of living is to remain unproductive. Purposefulness on the part of incompetent people wastes much valuable material. That Montparnasse furnishes a resident and transient background of beings futile to themselves, and destructive in their false contempt of production, does not mean that the Quarter is a disintegrating force for such people as find it a convenient rendezvous for interesting encounters, or for dissipation that appears often excessive and ridiculous. Talented, hard-working and intelligent people have always had their excesses and their ridiculous moments. Vide, the Greek philosophers, the Elizabethans, our lawmakers, etc. Their unexpurgated lives are worth study.

The Stryx, a Swedish restaurant situated on a quiet side street, was then new and popular for more "intimate" sessions. Here, people who had been distant towards each other in the American fatherland, could be

seen drinking congenially, or even amorously, together. Kisses and embraces and terms of endearment become mechanical in the Bohemian conventions. Obscenities are spoken in a spirit of child-like naughtiness so that they are not obscene, or even boring to such as don't bother to note every lightly spoken word of filth. It is perhaps a sign of health that Paris admits life its vulgar and comic aspects, both in language which can there be used without offense to adult ears, and in the street conveniences which serve undeniable needs.

It was the night of the Thirteenth of July. I had come in from the country after two weeks quiet. It had been cool and charming at the home of people who knew how to have guests without insistently entertaining them. A white Samoyeid dog with her brood of joyous pups, goats, and several sportive kids, country walks to small villages, and sympathetic companionship if I indicated I wanted it, had made me wonder if I cared about being in Paris. Masses of manuscript, and just-germinating ideas, however, made me decide I needed rest and refreshing intoxication. The idea of Paris in drunken festival and me not one of the drunkest there, was austere beyond the point, to a being so made as my-

self. I wanted to see Gerry Drayton also. But a month before he and I had parted after being five months together. In Italy and Provence together we had discovered Italian primitive painters, unknown to us even by name, famous as they might be amongst informed people. I knew Gerry was hard-headed, intuitive, and a fine person. Neither he nor I had had murderous impulses towards each other in those months together. Italy then was maddening with rowdy, Fascistic, Italy-saving arrogance; but whatever our tempers had been, at Italy, and her Mussolini-hypnotized town-toughs, Gerry and I had not bothered each other. Moreover, Gerry had the same kind of reckless, amiable if not temperamental, habits when drunk as myself. He could talk foolishness, and he could get involved in sermonizings on art, metaphysics, mathematics, astronomy, the way the world is run, what women are, archeology, or whatever profundities. I had come to Paris for a celebration. I wanted a drink. I wanted somebody sympathetic to drink with, and if we had brilliant conversation tonight, in our cups, I would remember our profound decisions this time.

Gerry wasn't about, but Flora Upjohn, Dowager of the Dome, Duchess of Mont-

martre, and Queen Bee of Drinkers, was sounding off at the Dome bar. She hailed me with gusto and a string of execrative adjectives. "———— here comes a flock of drinks. ———— whatcha buying me? I'm entering the Olympics as relay and long-distance drinker of the world."

Flora had a dismayed looking young Frenchman with her. She insisted that he have a drink, and then another drink. He looked at her with bewilderment, unused to having such a Rubensesque mass of white flesh and orange hair treat him with vociferous and enveloping affection. Vaguely he was trying to think her not serious, comic rather, but there was no joke about the whiskey she was making him pour down his stomach. *"Quelle type,"* he confided to the Dome Patron.

"Mais alors, c'est Mlle. Flora. Elle est jeune. Toujours gaie. Toujours generouse."

"Koochy, koochy," Flora said, turning to tickle the rosy-cheeked patron under the chin. "Give us a kiss. Tweetie-tweetie. ———— ain't these Frenchmen fascinating? ———— I'm going to take this sweetie home with me and lose my virginity."

Flora did not speak French, but she managed to convey her ideas somehow to the young Frenchman. A perplexed smile dawned painfully on his grave face. *"Mais, quand vous voulez, Mlle.,"* he said with a brave shoulder shrug.

"Merde, this child's too serious. Have another drink, Andre. You sweet thing. I'm scaring the ———————— out of you, ain't I, pet?"

I was not standing drinkless as Flora carried on her triflings. Flora was sure to be sounding off for the next twenty-four hours, or more, until, bedraggled, and still violently declaring that she wanted another drink, some friendly Quarterite enticed her to her room for a few hours sleep. Even then she would be absent from the scene for but a short time. Flora was capable of a forty-eight hour drinking bout, and then, with a few hours sleep she was ready to begin again, and to keep this up for a two-week period apparently. Any passing man, stranger or not, she was apt to grab, buy drinks for, kiss, curse, fight with, and then she had another friend for life who marvelled at her good nature and vitality. However filthy-worded her phrases, or songs that she chose to sing with prima-donna zeal, she gave only an impression

that she was a naughty, overgrown child, too full of energy, and not actually aware of the meaning of her vulgarities.

"Hey, Dania, have a drink," Flora shouted through the Dome door. Her six-foot figure of opera-star fatness commanded attention. Dania Allen, not yet tight, was feeling depressed over newspaper publicity on her divorce. However, I, knowing Dania, knew that Flora would soon have a good competitor at vulgarity made comic and harmless. Neither of these ladies would have done as teachers for babes, but Montparnasse is not the rendezvous of children.

"I'm so blue," Dania said, when I offered her a drink, which having, she downed quickly, and ordered another which she also gulped. Soon she began to feel the stir of life within her hulk. "Dave, you are the most adorable, the most sympathetic, the most understanding, the dearest, the most generous thing. Give me a chaste kiss. Flora, isn't Dave the most wonderful? You're the only man who doesn't try to come to bed with me when you see me home nights. We just give each other a chaste kiss."

"Have a drink, Dania," I suggested, knowing Dania's habit of extravagant en-

dearments when in liquor. "The first night we went to Montmartre you saw somebody you wanted and ran up and grabbed him, leaving me cold. Another night you took me up to a guy's place, me hoping there was drink. There, you gave a yell of glee, started throwing off your clothes, and said *nightie-night, Dave.* I guess we're just soul friends, Dania, I don't inspire love in you. But the summer's not over."

"Give us a chaste kiss, Dave?" Dania said, her lips wet with cocktail as she turned them poutingly birdlike towards me. Dania was one famous beauty and divorcee who was beautiful in a young goatlike way. Her black, clipped hair, shining eyes, and impish pert face, had whimsy, and her slim, hipless, body moved with chamois-graceful lightness. Dania wasn't profound-minded, but she was easy to be with, unless somehow the obsession had her that she must declare "I'm not intelligent, but I have intellect." On such occasions Dania's contribution to the conversation consisted in repeating this sentence frequently, between other comments indicating she needed more drink.

I decided to go to the Stryx, and to avoid having Flora assure me vehemently that I was a quitter, as she always did anyone

leaving her drinking companionship, I pretended to slip downstairs. At the Stryx, I found Ezra Pound talking to an English girl, and describing America as it never was, is not, and never will be. I was glad to see Ezra, because what biased attitudes he has are so biased that he manages to be, all round, a more generous-minded and discriminating person than others who spread their capacity for bias over their entire mental outlook. Ezra was not drinking but his friend was, and it is by now known that I do—a drop now and then. Consequently I was in a most hilarious frame of mind by dinner time. Across the street from the Stryx was a long board table at which various people I knew were collecting. They were generally the older, staider and productive members of the community. Jane Hythe started to tell me of various painters' work she would exhibit in New York, when I greeted her. Mina Loy would have a cocktail, and did look as beautiful as a perfect-featured English beauty can look. Kitty Connoy came along to join the beauty chorus, bringing gaiety, dazzle, a sparkling blondness. Kitty too would have a cocktail. Whereupon I give up counting who had drinks and how many, except that I recall Harriet Monroe's presence later in the

evening. She proved to me her matured wisdom by letting me buy her some fine old Madeira, served in huge bowl-like glasses of crystal clearness. I again lapsed. My memory that evening had a way of coming and going, as does my memory now of that occasion. Vaguely I remember thinking of Browning, Turgenev, Shelly and other writers who lived much out of their native land, when Miss Monroe said I should stay in America. Somehow my drunken consciousness told me that discussion of that sort is useless. The people who do, do, and generalization does nothing, and she had no reason to assume that I was in Paris for its intellectual atmosphere, necessarily. It had then, and has, as much and as little of qualities as one is capable of appreciating at any particular moment, and I knew my America, and believed as keenly as she that it is the place from which most is happening in this age. But people often assume that others are here or there, doing so and so, for reasons that journalists give, and it is a popular idea that all Americans abroad are deracinated and have run away from America; it is also an idea, apparently, that all Paris Americans think alike, and that all Paris Americans on friendly terms with each other be-

long to the same schools of thought. It isn't worth energy refuting these ideas manufactured for people who dislike thought and defined information.

Gerry Drayton appeared across the street from the table where by this time fourteen of us were drinking or eating. Eminently amiable, when hailed by myself and another noisy voice, he became self-conscious, and seemed to wriggle and squirm like a friendly pup, addedly friendly and embarrassed for having no tail to wag. At the table, and with drink before him, however, Gerry was at ease, though not yet able to compete in conversation with those some drinks ahead of him.

I caught Gerry's arm and had him sit beside me. He was going back to America in ten days time, and as he was as good a companion, drunk or sober, for humour or for serious conversation, as I knew, I would miss him. Also it seemed too bad that he could not stay in Europe longer, not only to see pictures in various parts of Italy, France, Belgium, Austria, Spain, etc., but also for work. A vision of the yapping art-chatter that goes on in all art centers made me regret for him that he must go back to New York, and little towns in America are not usually kindly places for

artists to inhabit. In New York too he might have to take work he was most unsuited for, merely to exist, and Gerry was a painter. He could listen to art talk and retain an instinct about what it was he himself was after. My melancholy for him made it essential that I buy him several drinks. As he threw down a vodka, fire came into his spirit.

"Christ, why can't I have income enough to stay another year? I've done twenty canvases, but what chance that they will sell? When I think how I used to be kidded on the street for being a painter, for carrying a painter's outfit! It isn't respectable, or virile, to paint, in most sections of the country. Damn it, I do like squeezing paint out of tubes, to see it ooze. I don't want to do portraits."

"Buck up and have another drink, Gerry. Hit for New Mexico if you can. There's desert there, and scenery, and you can live for damned little. But have a drink," I said, sobered for a moment. It was the last I saw of Gerry till early in the morning. Flora Upjohn appeared staggeringly on the scene. "Where's that drink you're going to buy me, you piker. Take my virginity and then desert me," Flora yelled at me. "I'm looking for the guy that says I'm no

lady. ———— nobody but a lady could use the language I do and get away with it. Hey, Dania," as Dania appeared in the middle of the street, "who'd you tell you had a pearl necklace? You don't call that abortion of ivory you're wearing, pearl, do you? Come on. Here's Dave. Garcon, garcon, drink, the boat is sinking, bring a flock of life savers. Six gin fizzes and three cognacs."

Against the wall of the Stryx funny-eyed Meyers was playing a tin-panny piano. Mobs of French people were gathered in the streets around the Dome and the Rotonde. Street orchestras begin grinding out music. Throngs of people moved about the various circles where dancing was going on. The Grand Boulevard, no doubt, was moving with a throng of festive, rowdily gay, and good-natured people. The Place Vendome, the Place du Pantheon, would both be thronged with French working people, or French students. But in front of the Stryx, for all the majority of French people present, the noises, the drinking, the quality of the scene was Paris-American, because all good Americans go to Paris as heaven, and heaven changes people, so Paris-American is different than America. In spite of the marvelous *bal musettes* in

Paris, in spite of the real French life, the real French scene, the *la belle France* which we all so love, most good Americans hung around Montparnasse this night.

When I vaguely remembered that people I liked and found capable of long sustained and yet keen conversation were at the table, I tottered over, thinking I might indulge in conversation. Not so, however. The fourteenth of July is given to the brawl and excess of life, but with gay intent and pleasurable results generally. The French believe in the human man too much to indulge in that cowed ideal, the great, moral man. Knowing so well that we best achieve balance and perspective by handling excess, as well as restraint and moderation, the French achieve as moderate a life as any contemporary race. Jane Heap's strong, white teeth shone as she talked with travelling-man-of-the-world evangelism on an artist "sensitive as a humming bird" and on fourth dimensional religion. Jane's strong glistening teeth were inherited from Laplandish ancestors, and well they could gnaw into chunks of whale or seal blubber. Her conversation was, as generally, good-fellow in manner, open, open, a little deceptively open, and what relation to fact or perception it may have lacked, it made up in ani-

mation and in her love of being listened to. Many people are interesting for the way they manage to be caricatures of types in life, without carrying the caricature to an unpleasant degree. Jane's mannish head, and staunch, stalwart, body, would deceive many people into thinking her without nerves or sentimentality, but I suspected that her purported hardness of outlook was assumed to cover hurt-child-maternal-effusiveness. Jane would have a drink. It was good, for Jane drinking, was Jane with glistening, wicked spirit, and a gleeful smile.

Mina Loy was talking cerebral fantasies, bewilderingly, but even Mina joined in the dance and forgot cerebration. Other times and other places for discussion that breeds thought.

Dania Allen was dancing a solo in the middle of the street. Her wet lips glistened and quivered as she tried to keep face control. "Merde, merde" she shouted joyously and often, and danced on, alone. The time of the evening had not yet approached for Dania to be interested in loving companionship. She was a kid goat with a kid goat's gleeful perversity of joy in crag leaping; no petting or undue affection for her at the moment.

Louis Aragon, Drieu de la Rochelle, Jacques Rigaut, Pierre de Masson, and other young Frenchmen were swept into the flux of the moving masses of Americans drinking speedily. Americans buy drinks and were buying them this night to the point of clearing the Stryx of its entire stock of spirits. American women are *ravissant, spirituelle, charmante, abandonée, et quelle beauté.* Isn't America full of skyscrapers, a new vitality, a new stimulus, a new civilization? *Bien sur!* The young Frenchmen stuck around and got drunk even if young Frenchmen never do get drunk. They got as drunk as I was, and I had to see two of them into a taxi because I handled my own drunken. A droll evening. And one of the Frenchmen brought an American girl along who surely had zip, sparkling beauty, elegance, and a barrel capacity for drink, but that girl was a man destroyer. What she did to the hearts of Paris, and then left it cold with a smile on her lips!

Barry Howard, a French-American, was showing some advertisements to various people, laughing about the refined filthiness of them. The Kotex ad was funny, but even drunk, I wondered if those advertisements were not forerunners of what might at last be a decently open attitude towards

undeniable facts, rather than so-called modesty with its diseases breeding ignorance, and vicious disapprovals. Barry had on a brilliant magenta silk shirt. His mop of unbelievably yellow hair might have caused people to mistake his tendencies, but Barry knew his directions. Seeing Flora Upjohn he called her over, unnecessarily, as she'd been there demanding drink soon anyway. Having procured a paper covered hoop Barry went to a vacant space in the street. "Jump through the hoop, Flora. Can you jump through the hoop?" he called. Flora gave a look, let out a yell, "Hold that hoop and don't let me bump the pavement. My belly's valuable," and dived headlong through the hoop. She sprawled on the street for a moment, had some time withdrawing her ample avoirdupois out of the hoop, but at last she had done so and could continue her singing, dancing, cursing, and certainly her drinking.

There began to be misgivings in my interiors, so without undue purpose I absently loitered towards a more vacant portion of the street. Flora Upjohn saw me. "Going to be sick, Dave? I'll hold your head." I protested feebly, but Flora would be sympathetic, she would take care of me. She threatened to knock my block

off if I didn't let her take care of me. In the end it was best because, had she not held my head, my first lurch would have banged a most useful nose into the pavement. I felt vile. "Messy, but it do happen, don't it, Flora? You're a sport. I'll stick by whiskey now. Been mixing too much," I told Flora and went to the Stryx washroom.

Down stairs I wondered where Dania was. Nice, silly, reckless, and for the moment in life, scared, Dania. Damn the papers and their cheap scandal mongery. Dania couldn't be immoral, she couldn't sin. Anything she ever did would be as a child playing with fire. She'd come out all right, though. I felt that somehow Dania and I would hit Montmartre together later in the night. We had sort of grown into the habit.

Carline Thompson came in, race-horse restless, and not missing anything or anybody who was about. Carline hadn't been drinking, I judged. She went to the mirror back of the dining tables in the Stryx bar, and there stood fixing her tawny blond hair, nervously and vividly aware of all about her in spite of her trained indifference of manner. She had a smart dress on, and her clean, lithe limbs looked eager to start the

race. I knew Carline was out hunting, and she wouldn't be wasting interest on people who didn't interest her.

"Hell," Carline said, turning quickly. "Kiss me, Dave, and for God's sake, get me eight drinks at once. I had a devil of a time getting away tonight. Dad again. Says he's a poor neglected neurotic, and that none of us knows how an invalid like him suffers. He decided it was me he'd have around to sob on tonight. Anything promising about tonight, Dave?"

Our eyes met, and I laughed. "Hunt your own game, Carline. I've got other ideas tonight, myself. Besides, we're old friends. There's a friend of mine about. A damn fine person. He paints."

"Well?"

"Yes? Or he will. He knows what he is after. His things are a little too dry and disciplined now. You won't slip much over on him. He's not one of these birds you can mother, but—I guess you'll like him. I don't know who else is around who'd interest you."

Carline had downed two cocktails. She leaned over and caught my head to kiss me viciously. "Ouch, Carline, have another drink," I yelled. "You needn't bite my lips

off. Do you have to take out your vitality on an oldtimer like me? Anyway, whatever, I don't like having the lip bit off me."

Carline's contralto voice laughed with bird-like gaiety and recklessness. Carline was a curious person, keen, intuitive, and not at all interested in mentalities. She looked blond-Indian with her high cheekbones. There was a sensitive defiance in her poise, in the nervous tilt of her head, and in her quick, warm, daring but fluttering, comprehensions, likes and aversions. It was hardly likely she would ever settle down to "womanly" pursuits. She was too much of the new generation, and too keen not to be avidly curious and restless. Carline disappeared shortly, telling me to come to her place for tea next day, if I felt disposed. Otherwise we'd see each other in front of the Stryx tomorrow night if not later this evening, elsewhere.

I was on the upgrade of my second wind of intoxication. I was dancing with some girl who had a penetratingly warm, gypsy-like face and an embraceable quality. She was gone. No, I told Willard Hutches, I would not go to a *bal musette* or to another quarter. Willard always got these streaks of seeing the real Paris when things are good just where one is. Willard was soggy,

and bored hell out of me. I'd have a drink with him, but we weren't going to be in the same vicinity long if I knew my oats. A wispy little woman of forty to sixty was dancing with me. She was a grey moth. She wanted to be kissed, by me, by every man she saw and could hail. She was drunk. She was having her released emotions in life too late. I managed to escape. I wandered to the Dome, and to the Rotonde. There the patron was throwing out some American I knew slightly. A gendarme was called. The American man who had hit the *patron* was taken to the Gendarmerie. Of course I, with fifteen other Americans, would all go to the Gendarmerie and swear that the Rotonde Patron had started everything. He was a pig. He had malice against Americans. He made his money off artists and then, having a legend around his cafe, turned on the artists and tried to make a fashionable rendezvous of his place. The comfortable-bellied bourgeois who sat around his cafe all the day never did much drinking. He was rude, insolent. He had no witnesses other than waiters. The thrown-out American was released and saved some months in prison, perhaps. He was an amiable man, with talent and wit. Thereby, it was proven

that truth should be used with discretion at *Gendarmeries,* and I was glad I swore I saw the patron grab an American lady's arm violently. No wonder the man with her had struck that swine of a patron. Justice belongs to the quickwitted.

Dania and I were at Zelli's in Montmartre. We don't know how we got there. We were at the Capitol. We don't know when or how we got there. A blond Englishman with an Italian Countess started to raise hell at the Capitol. They'd been raising hell all over the continent for years. Dania told me the countess was a bad lot. The Englishman, of good family, was infatuated with her. She had played hell with his life. He was a bad lot now. Maybe he was infatuated. I yelled "Get that sonofabitch," when he began to brandish a sword he'd drawn from an ostensible cane: He was red-eyed drunk. The waiters weren't responsible for the drink charges. I wanted to throw a champagne bottle at him, but Dania held my arms down.

We were at Florence's. We were too drunk, the place was too full. We didn't care. To hell with negroes who play up to white poule-de-luxe and cabareting boobs. Good negroes are full of life and vitality and rhythm, but what the hell,

Dania and I had as much vitality and resource for self-entertainment. We'd go somewhere. I don't know where Dania and I lost each other. She probably saw some man she liked. She loved easy when she was drunk and if she had stayed with me she'd probably have hauled off and hit me for having ideas about what to do other than her ideas. She had nothing on me. I went back to Zelli's. Alyce, peach-blond, fresh, grabbed me. She danced wonderfully with me. I'd buy her all the drinks she wanted. She could come along where I was going, if she could keep her eyes on me. I had no plans whatever, and if someone suggested going somewhere, I'd forget her if she wasn't there to remind me.

At some bar I encountered Gerry Drayton and Flora Upjohn. Flora yelled with glee, and had the strength to admit her weakness because this particular bar was one she and I had sworn we'd never drink at again, after that last time we were thrown out. Over a demi-blonde Flora caught sight of a nice young gendarme who had charmingly one night done his best to avoid arresting her. She ran out to invite him in for a drink. He came, as did two taxi drivers who recognized Mlle. Flora, and submitted to her kisses. There was no

reasoning with Flora now. She'd be picking up French working men and women, gendarmes, policemen, concierges, and whatnot, and inviting them all to drink with her for the next twelve hours. By then she'd probably roll into the Quarter shouting for beer or stronger drink. Gerry and I decided we must go to Le Halle.

"I met Carline Thompson who says she's a friend of yours."

"Yep, I sicced her onto you. She's damned keen. What happened to her?"

"We got on fine, but suddenly she decided she wanted a taxi, and I put her in one and she drove home. I thought things were going to happen between us, at first."

"Hell, she liked you. You were too drunk. She'll be around looking you up when you're sober, don't worry. Carline goes and gets what she wants if she knows what it is."

"Who is she, or hell, that is, what is she? Tell me something about her."

"She's of the stage, but she doesn't work at it much. She's is good too, but she says stage people are too dumb, she can't stand being around them long. She has plenty of wit and magnetism and talent, and she's a two-gun straight shooter. I don't know

what to say except that Carline's a good bet. You know you're with somebody when you're with her."

"She likes you."

"Why not? I do too, when mental belly-ache isn't on me."

"Carline's funny."

"I said she was somebody. She has a mother impulse and she's a destroyer too. All people worth a damn have bitchy streaks in them. Carline is the only competent person in a family of erratic people she has to keep or get out of messes constantly. She knows watchful waiting doesn't make things interesting, or if she waits she's damned watchful and waits in motion."

We stopped at the first bistro we came to in Le Halle. "Markets, ain't they marvelous?" Gerry said.

"Breughal, do you remember his paintings, fishes, meats, lowdown, vulgar people doing lowdown things in healthy dirt? And Rubens, too. Those fellows knew what flesh was. They never had an inkling of the contemporary idea of flesh as something not really to be spoken of, or admitted."

"Jesus, Dave, I was in an ecstasy when I discovered Masaccio, for myself, in

Florence. I never knew painters like him had existed."

"Sure, and somebody else can have Raphael and Tiepolo and all the rest of the floating angels and the female-looking chaste, beautiful boys. Breughal. I like Breughal. I like Cimabue, too. His Judas looked worn out, not ascetic."

"Let's go through the flower section. Let's see something," Gerry suggested.

"Hell, anybody knows flowers are beautiful. Let's see the meats, or the vegetables. D'ye ever see them? Great stuff."

"And we'll stop and have a cognac at every bistro we pass."

"Rotten stuff, it'll kill us, but come on."

We started off. Our gaits were unsteady, so we took each other's arms. Trucks, horse and man drawn, passed us. Busy workers passed continually by. A smell of horses and of human flesh, fresh with earthy dirt, was about. The atmosphere was keen.

"Hell, what do these people give a damn about us? Damn art. Damn us, who are we?"

"You bet. We won't get fresh with these people. They're the ones. It's the knowledgey people who are the world's horses' asses."

"Holy jumping Christopher, that meat!" Gerry exclaimed as we tottered by a building in which line after line of beef, sheep, horse, and pig carcasses, newly prepared for the market, hung. "Meat, who'd think meat had such colour? Look at them forms. Look at them colours. Violets, greens, oranges. All in meats. God, what's a guy to say? This light is marvelous. Five o'clock. This is the time of day. I'd like to get down here at four and paint them. God! What's a guy to say?"

"Yep, meat, bloody meat."

"It's — ah — well — it's swell. What's a guy to say?"

"When you get back to the U. S., go to New Mexico. See some Indians, and pueblos, and dances, and desert. Talk about colour and forms. Talk about Greek and Egyptian sculptoring. Talk about painting bullfights, or court scenes. Talk about types. Everything's there. Form, masses of them. Colours, all of them. Desert, and it's untouched. New themes. Anything can be done with them. Turkey in the straw. Do you remember country dances? Did you ever see a cattle roundup, or a rodeo? Did you ever see a cattle country village full of Indians and Mexicans, and

the silt-dusty square full of pinto ponies, buggies, stray hounds, kids, and the streets full of guys who think they're tough guys in sombreros and boots? God, if there were only street cafes in America. If you could only have wines and beers to drink. If we didn't have to come over here to learn that it's nobody's business but our own how we think and live. But hell, a foreign country is a country to stay in when you're young."

"Here's a bistro. Let's have a *cafe fine.*"

"Sure."

We emerged from the bistro saying hearty *au revoirs* to Frenchmen at the bar who knew we were that queer species, *Les Americains.*

"People are swell when they're swell, ain't they?" Gerry said, swaggering along.

"And when they aren't, we know what to tell them."

"Damned longhairs, loafers and sponges around the Quarter."

"Hell, yes. Italians aren't so bad. Us Americans are pretty good when we're good, though. We don't know a hell of a lot but we know it."

The air was crisp and clear. There was a continual hum of work. Meats, fruits,

and vegetables, being gotten ready for the day's consumption, by numerous ruddy-skinned men and women. We tried not to get in the way of the business. We tried not to try and talk to busy people.

"What's a guy to say?" Gerry was saying again. He had constipation of the vocabulary, but that's better than diarrhoea, I concluded. If you want symbolism Gerry was good enough a symbol of human inarticulate yearnings, and he wasn't soggily pathetic.

We were in the flower market, having lost our way en route to the vegetables. The street was full of carts loaded with flowers. Roses, daisies, jonquils, carnations, and flowers we neither of us knew by name Flowers of colour. White flowers. Skin-bronzed, buxom women, were there to sell them, but they were too busy to bother about us, much. "I have to have these flesh-pink roses," I said. Gerry bought a huger bouquet of assorted flowers, with ferns, a tall stemmed blue flower, and whatnot in it. "What's a man to say? And some guys can talk about how to paint, and talk about how they don't like to talk about paint. Damned longhairs." We bought more flowers because the lady we stopped in front of gave us a buttonhole bouquet for nothing.

The morning was blue with a blueness. A smell of horses, and of fresh manure was healthy behind the odour of fresh flowers. The women selling flowers were all buxom, ruddy-skinned, ready to joke, and they didn't jew about prices either. We bought more flowers, flowers so that it was hard to carry them, and we couldn't support each other arm in arm as our arms were full. But one old lady gave me a bundle of flowers, for the luck and happiness. I had to buy two expensive pink and white flowers. For her sake, for the flowers' sake. I thought they were bird-of-paradise flowers, which I remembered having seen somewhere in America, sometime. They were like blue ships with baby-pink sails, floating on a lily-pad ocean. The old lady was a nice, nut-skin-wrinkled, old sport. She gave us flowers, cheap flowers, but she gave them. Imagine people being so easy and sociable and with a sense of the comedy, the roaring vulgarity of life, like these people. And they worked hard and long hours for little pay, too.

"Here's a bistro. We'll make 'em give us good fin this time. Napoleon *vieux vin,* if they have it. Or Courvoisier," Gerry said.

"Hell, why waste good fin? We're drunk."

"That's right. Hell, we'll drink what they got. Who the hell are we?"

Gerry was a good guy. He liked meats and flowers. I guessed Gerry was a damned fine painter anyway, and I'll tell the world so. Gerry was such a damned kid. About six years old. He couldn't express himself very well, but he tickled my sense of humor. Now, with his arms full of flowers, Gerry couldn't try to grasp shapes, to caress colors, to mould forms, with his hands, when words failed him.

It was vegetables now. And vegetables!!

"Hell, we're in fine fettle this morning. I feel fine. I feel rhapsodic about everything. Would you think that onions could look so Christly marvelous? Them roots! Look at them shapes. Onions! My God! Talk about painting."

"And the radishes, and those carrots, and the cabbages. They do pile up with dignity. Talk about cathedrals and profound architecture. Look at the carrots. The roots, the orange blood, of them. Let's stand in the middle of the street and sing a hymn about carrots."

"Sure, but let's have a drink. Paint!

Hell! A guy couldn't get this. The light would be gone, they'd be eating these vegetables and those meats, just as he quit being bowled over by how vegetables can look."

As we ambled on we encountered three women sitting near their vegetables, each on a sack, conversing across their wares.

"Bon jour, Madame, et vous, et vous, Madam," Gerry greeted the ladies with cheerful gallantry. All three ladies were healthy-skinned, middle-aged and ample of body. They returned greetings. Were the young gentlemen enjoying themselves? They were. It was well. It is good for the health. The ladies agreed that our flowers were beautiful. Yes, as beautiful as we insisted they were, but who can say the beauty of beautiful flowers? Gerry and I exchanged glances to indicate how well we understood that French working people in the markets dare to appreciate beauty as laboring women in America don't appreciate it, or don't have the chance.

"Je veux que vous-acceptez mon fleurs," Gerry asserted, attempting a bow to one of the ladies. I too had to present my flowers to another lady. It was a relief. Beautiful as the flowers were they hampered progress,

and they were heavy, and we staggered of our own weights. The women were pleased, heartily. They laughed, and insisted that we each have two bundles of radishes, carrots and onions. We had said vegetables were beautiful. We admired them. We liked them. They also liked the young gentlemen and wished them happy lives. So we ambled on, feeling ecstactically how casual, amiable, and goodwilled the world in the market is. They work hard there.

Going down the street we were hailed, or hailed, two girls. It is of no importance whose solicitation or whose rollicking high-spirits brought about this acquaintenceship. One of the girls had no middle to her nose. The other was passable looking, but the thin, monkey-faced girl, had the quicker wit. Yes, we agreed, we would buy them coffee and croissants. We would have *ouefs sur le plats* or *soupe a l'oignon.* The girls frankly suggested that we go home with them, and mentioned prices. Thirty francs, then twenty francs, then ten, five, since the young gentlemen were *charmant, et aussi tres beau.* We thanked them, but suggested that another morning, perhaps. We were somewhat *sous.* It was morning, and morning was to greet the dawn. The girls were happy, however, upon being

presented with the vegetables, for onions and radishes and carrots make soup and a meal. We bid them good bye. *Une autre fois. Au revoir, au revoir.* They were fine girls. They were not mercenary. They were high spirited and kind hearted. But the flowers and vegetables. We would come to the market every morning till Gerry had to catch his boat back to America

We did not pass the bistro. We entered, and emerged later, arm in arm, free of flowers and vegetables, able to bolster each other up, but we had not forgotten. Down the street we encountered Townley and his minute friend, Blake, who was very Monkey-Hamlet with a dash of Spanish coquetry and a bull-fight gesture at the moment. He walked along, forefinger held before him, while he was giving it sage advice. Seeing us, he greeted us with airy Elizebethan English, as he thought. Thus abruptly called from his mind's noble imaginings he nevertheless was sociable. "What ho, let me unloose my dagger and I will at them. But I say, boys, what we all need is a drink. A drink is the password, and ho, if a varlet lets me, I will run him through. Foreward, charge!"

"You doing the three days' run?" I asked Blake, knowing his stomach had the

dastardly trick of falling short of his demands upon it.

"It's all venereal to me. You can make your own injection," Blake rushed aside my irrelevant remark. "With a feather I'll be going strong a week from now. What ho. What ho. Quiet down after one night when there's two more days' celebration? My card! I will make you eat them words. Have another drink, boys. Boys will be boys. Life is but once. Boys, boys, have a drink."

We separated from Blake and Townley, and walked past the church of the Notre Dame. It was glistening frostily in the clear light, before our befuddled eyes.

"What's a guy to say? That church! Let's go to Chartres. Let's pray. It aches. What's a guy to say?" Gerry rhapsodized.

"Did you ever go beneath the bridge where people sleep under newspapers? At night, on the river level, when mist is out, that Notre Dame is a mirage. I went down with an Arab one night. He damn near died, it was so beautiful."

"What's a guy to say?"

"Just that, or nothing. Damn the sayers and the knowers. They are lousy bastards generally."

"Yep, they don't drink. They keep regular hours,

Early to bed and early to rise
and you never meet the regular guys.

Hell, Ben Franklin was an old pirate. A whorehound. But he drank. He was a regular guy. He knew you gotta kid the public, most of it. Damn social radicals. Hell, if they had sense they'd make what we got function, instead of wanting to turn things over to boob roughnecks. If they had sense things wouldn't be slipped over on the rest of us because we have to live down to them."

About ten o'clock in the morning we set sail towards the Dome, where we had a cooling demi-blond.

"Let's go and see Terri Garden. I don't get her. She's damned beautiful. Thin carved ivory," Gerry suggested.

"Let's. Terri'd own the world if she had sense. She'll be pitiable though, a few years on. She doesn't know what she wants. She's souring now. Too neurotic. But she's good to tear around with. Fine to dance with. Her back feels like a carved peace of smooth marble. I like thin women. Thin and round."

We found Terri in bed, and sleepy-eyed. She was beautiful, however. She threw on

a burnt-orange dressing gown, and looked perplexed, annoyed somewhat, at our visit. She became amiable though, and laughed at Gerry when he talked of the market.

"What's a guy to say? Everything is beautiful this morning. Terri is beautiful. This room's grey walls are beautiful. Look outa that window. Them smokestacks. What's a guy to say?"

Terri's thin, oval, almost bloodlessly white face, looked less pinched. She took some cognac and said she'd get up in time for dinner at the Stryx that night. She'd been out till five o'clock this morning. Gerry and I left after a time.

"What does Terri like? She could be kept at a million dollar rate if she had sense. Who made Terri think she likes art? Terri's soul is a golddigger's, and she gets upstage on models in the Quarter. Too bad. She'll go to hell. No brains, and she knows her looks are going. I damned near wept when she pushed her hair back and said, 'I'm not what I was last year.' Poor Terri. She doesn't feel anything. Doesn't think. She just wonders what it's all about, and wants to be a lady, with lots of money and beautiful clothes."

"Yep, beautiful clothes, and jewelry. She's eight thousand francs in debt for them

now, and not a cent in the offing. I have thought sometimes, though, she almost was going to have an emotion. Her name's not Terri Garden. It's some shanty Irish name. Her mother's a washerwoman, some girl told me. Bitch. Women are bitchy. Men are bitchy. To hell with Terri. I like her. Let's go to the Dome and have a drink."

At the Dome a few stragglers sat about, weary, bleary, but cheerful, and each wanted to tell his night-before exploits so insistently that Gerry and I had no chance to make them listen to ours. Gerry went downstairs to be sick. When he came back I was sleeping in a corner. He woke me up and we had more beer.

"It's bed for me," Gerry said finally. I triumphed at having made him say it first. "Same place, same table, tonight?"

"Sure, and Carline will be there. I bet she's out for you. If so, I'll be scarce. There's no use your resisting. You might as well seduce easy. Carline's a fine girl."

With Gerry gone, I had more beer. It was too much trouble walking for a taxi. I might as well do the day and the night without sleep. Hell, I'd get plenty of rest and quiet back in the country, after a week or so of Paris.

The two carved-waxen models appeared, and came to sit with me. "Hello Sari, hello Nella. Have a drink. Have a sandwich. How are things?" Sari and Nella had been left stranded by their father. Sari was only sixteen. Her eyebrows were plucked to a straight, needle-fine, line. She was perfectly painted, for a wax figure. Her skin was wax. Her body was a slender wax model. They were Jewish. They were mercenary, but hell, they were damned near starvation most of the time. No money in modeling, and Nella, who didn't get men, said Sari must stay a *jeune fille* surely, until somebody made it really worth her while to become an experienced woman. Sari might spoil her life. She was apt to fall in love with people, men and women. Nella was worried. Sari would not listen to her. Sari said Nella would not know anybody but for her. She just lived off people whom Sari's beauty attracted. Nella always hung around, and Sari said, "I am just a baby. You don't know how awful it is to be on the world, and not loving it, *mais non, non.* I am no tamn fool."

"Have you a room now?" I asked them.

"We stay at an artist's studio, sleeping on a bench, and the floor. I want a bath,"

Sari said, her smooth-wax face embittered looking.

"I say, hail the first taxi that goes by. You can come to my room, have baths, and sleep in the bed. I'll not undress. I'll roll on a divan there. But wake me up at six, so I won't miss any of the party. I'll take you to dinner then."

I felt sorry for Sari, and tried to feel sorry for Nella. She hung around too insistently, trying to be sympathetic, to talk intelligently of life and art. I, knowing the Quarter, knew where she got her various ideas. But I couldn't let them have money, because I had none on me, more than enough for a taxi. I'd cash a check later. They would wake me, too. They would probably admire ties and coloured shirts, or something in my room, and I would give things to them. What to hell! Owning things ties one. They could have anything of mine they wanted.

At six, evening, when I came down the street a huge circle was in front of the Rotonde viewing some event. It was tall, queer-eyed Meyers and Blake, staging a spectacle. They were bare to the waists, and covered with street dirt they'd rolled in. Blake, without his black cape to toss in the manner of soliloquy about his shoulder, still

strode about with dramatic hauteur at moments. His black mustachios drooped, but not with discouragement. The audience did not mind not knowing what the spectacle was that Blake and Townsend were staging. It was at moments a cockfight, a bullfight, a wrestling match, a Spanish dance, a springtime ballet of gay, frolicsome maidens, a snatch of grand opera, but it was pleasing to the onlookers. Leaving the group I went towards the Stryx, and then remembered that Sari and Nella were docilely following me. "I have a dinner engagement, Sari," I said, "at the Stryx. That's all right though. Here's a hundred francs. I'll see you later, at the bar. Come and have drinks with me."

Brancusi came down the street, looking a short-bodied, naive, shepherd, in search of lost sheep, or a drink. With him was Tristan Tzara, bearing dolefully the weight of ages upon his Jewish-persecuted shoulders. Poor Tzara. I hoped he didn't feel so bad about it all as he looked. In Brancusi's eye was the light of adventure.

"'Ello Daf," Brancusi greeted me. "I spik eengleesh. Weel you haaf a dreenk weeth me?"

"Yes, you speak English, worse than I speak French. *Mais bien sur, je veux boire.*

Qu'est-que-vous-pensez?" I was glad Brancusi had showed up, because he was a good man to spend a night out with and I had no ideas that Gerry would be free tonight.

Carline Thompson came into the Dome bar as we were drinking. She was hunting.

"Have a drink, Carline," I said.

"A dry martini. They make them badly here, but—yes, a martini. What did you do with your friend, Drayton? See him? He was looking for you."

"What did you leave him flat for? I met him in Montmartre and we went to Le Halle. He'll be along soon. Like him?"

Carline's eyes smiled, and she avoided my gaze after a second. "He's not going to Le Halle tonight."

"I was betting that. Anyway, Carline, if I don't see you and him later tonight, both of you meet me in front of the Stryx tomorrow night, for dinner. There's Gerry, coming across the corner. Go and get him."

"Well,—he's meeting you, isn't he?"

"Hell, go and meet him. Yes, we were to meet tonight, but if we do, I'll have to discreetly slip away somehow. Stop him, and spare me the effort. Brancusi's having dinner with a lot of us at the Stryx. See you later when we're all drunk, maybe. If

not, be happy. I will be. There's a Paris full of people I have to have a drink with yet."

Carline left. I saw her encounter Gerry, as though the meeting were accidental. Within a minute, however, they went arm in arm towards L'Avenues to dine. Gerry turned and saluted me a hand wave. The Stryx would be no place for two people wanting to get acquainted, he knew I knew.

* * *

That was some years back. Already veterans of that celebration use it as evidence that "them were the days," when drinkers were two-bottle men, when Blake and Meyers made French people laugh steadily for two hours. Where many people I knew then, are now, I don't know, but others I know to be leading workful lives, and to be suitable for all atmospheres except those of bigotry and surreptitious hypocrisies. After the class-frightened cautiousness, the closed-in but prevalent decay and viciousness of London; after the bootlegging of America, the sham uplifts, the ruthless, intriguing politics of American modesties, I have several times returned to Paris knowing too well why I wanted to be there. It has casual grace, American openness

allowed to be open publicly rather than under cover; and it has no viciousness that will spring out upon one at unexpected moments, and under the cover of refinement. Fortunately for my love of Paris, it needs no defense from Americans, who having visited its tourist resorts, to see nude women in *la pose,* and who later tell of the degrading spectacles put on by cheerful but pathetic drabs whose livelihood is made by tourists who create these drabs' occupation. Paris, and the art Quarter of Paris, does not, as England does, "muddle on through." It goes unconcernedly on its way, changing when it will, and it doesn't stop to mind accusations of disintegrating degeneracy, tiredness and futility. It knows, as nature knows, that such as will or are meant to, will weary of environments and events that do not feed their desires and ambitions. Migration can be. And Paris has too much within her to frantically clutch people who know what they are after. In Paris, however, people soon find their level, and it may be those who find that their level is very middle or lowdown, who return to their native countries to condemn Paris. They could have found thugs, bootleggers, diseased beings, vicious degenerates, and futile people in America in any village or

city they choose to visit. They could not, however, find so large a program of entertainment in these villages and towns. America has not yet learned that people will be, will do, somehow, secretively if not permitted to openly, as their desires will. Perhaps this is why Paris and France have not become excited about psychoanalysis, and do not understand well what the words "frustration" and "complex" mean. In Vienna they understand better, because of the flocks of Americans who go there annually to find out why they can't enjoy life. The Viennese are a sympathetic people, but even there, they say "Aber, warum?" to problems that psychologically seem solutionless to many Americans. In England it is not done to live, or it is done subterraneously, so that England finds Americans who want to know why, lacking in taste, breeding, and discretion. But be sorry for England anyway. It, of all countries, knows least of how to live in this generation, and frightened, it dares not experiment. Thanks to the younger generation of America, America will learn. It, like artists in the Quarter, will come through if it means to.

The end.

STELLA BREEN:

My Five Husbands

IT is not given to many women to have five husbands, as I have had. The story is so unusual that I have accepted the editor's invitation to tell it, for whatever help it may be to other girls who may be subjected to the same temptations and influences. Of course, these are such very personal matters that I cannot sign my real name to the article, and perhaps I should not tell them at all, but I have promised, so here goes.

I made my first marriage when I was seventeen. I was born and brought up in a little town in Indiana within a hundred miles of Chicago, and there was a set of us, boys and girls, who grew up and went to school and high school together. One of these boys was Jack, and I used to think him so handsome and admire his hair which he brushed straight back; it was black, and he always kept it shiny. I think that was the thing I liked most about him.

He always paid me special attention, carried my books when we met on the way to school and took me to picture shows two or three times a week. In the summer a crowd of us used to go camping, and he was with me more than any of the other boys. One day when we were off for a walk in the woods he was rather more attentive than usual and proposed that we get married. I did not care specially for him but I guess it was the air, or the way he insisted, or something, that made me say yes, so we went back to town—begged a ride in an automobile—got the license and were married that day. He was just a thoughtless, impulsive boy, and I do not bear him any ill-will, though he treated me most neglectfully.

He was then a clerk in a drug-store and did not get a great deal of money, but he was not willing to give me any at all. We had many arguments about it and they always ended by him going off in a rage and staying away for a long time, sometimes the whole night. I got some money from my mother, and ran up bills until no one would trust me any more, but Jack seemed not to care how deeply we got in debt, he simply would not pay anybody. I am satisfied that all this while he was giving sums of money

to Laura, a girl who lived on the next block to us, and paying her attentions on the sly. One day the sheriff came with a dispossess notice, and Jack must have heard of it on the outside, for he did not come home that day and I never saw him again. He just ran away. Laura, too, disappeared about this time. Someone reported to have seen her in Chicago, several years later, but she never wrote to anybody at home—at least, that I ever heard of. If they are together now, I certainly wish them joy, for one should not suffer forever for the mistakes of youth.

Well, I took the story of my troubles to Mr. Strong, the lawyer in our town, and asked him to get me a divorce. Mr. Strong was then not an old man—about thirty-five —but he seemed old to me because he was twice my age. He told me it would all depend upon our being able to locate Jack and serve him with some paper or other, and that unless I could find out where Jack was, it would be useless to start asking for the divorce. As this would take a great deal of money, and I was practically without means anyway, he suggested that I study shorthand so that I could take a good position in his office, which I did. He gave me a position right away, which helped me

very much, and I started in to study hard and make myself useful. By and by he got to leaving me in charge of his office when he was away, and I handled very important matters for him, so I could see that he had confidence in me. Occasionally he used to ask me to come home to dinner with him, and his wife was very sweet to me, and I enjoyed playing with his children, who were good kids and behaved themselves very well.

One day, much to my surprise, he declared his love for me. It was on a hot July afternoon, at the office. He suddenly looked up from his work and said in a low tone of voice, which I heard distinctly: "Miss Breen, there is something I want to say to you. We sometimes cannot help our feelings, and it is this way with me; I love you more than anything else on earth." I could have sunk right through the floor. You will remember that I was then only about eighteen, and though I had been through the experience of wifehood, I did not understand men as well as I do now. I could not make any reply, but sat staring at him, wondering what he would say next. When he spoke again, I only half heard him, because I was wondering so hard what Mrs. Strong would say to all this. No, I

did not put on my hat and run right out of the office, because he was the only man who could get me my divorce and I would not antagonize him. And perhaps I had seen something like this coming, and perhaps I felt a little that way, too. Anyway, I risked my immortal soul and listened to him.

After that, of course, matters were on a different footing between us. I did his work for him as usual, but in secret he was very affectionate and lover-like, which secretly pleased me, because I was at the age when a girl needs something of that sort. I could not hope to be loved honorably by any of the boys who were my former associates, for all of them knew about Jack, and that I was not free to accept attentions from them. All this time Mr. Strong kept promising me that he would find Jack and get me my divorce, and that he would get a divorce himself, and marry me. It came about at last, but not exactly in the way I could have desired.

Mrs. Strong surprised us together in a room in a Chicago hotel. The hussy had actually employed detectives to follow us, and they broke into the room, and she staged a You-have-stolen-my-husband sort of tableau and made a great fuss—My! I never heard a woman rage so before. It

was all very unpleasant and unladylike, and I told her so. I think it was really unethical for her to behave that way, for if she could not keep her husband it was her own fault and not mine. The least said about that the better. Almost in the twinkling of an eye, Strong found himself an unmarried man, and free to marry me, though I was not free to marry him.

We did not let that interfere with our plans, however, for as soon as Mrs. Strong's decree was signed we hurried off to a minister and went through the ceremony. You may say that this was very shocking, but I have always found that the world cares more about appearances than it does about realities, and so long as nobody knew that I was not regularly divorced, it did not matter. We planned to live in Chicago, where Ezra was beginning to build up a practice, and we would not be likely to meet anybody who would know about it. If someone from down home should turn up and begin to ask questions, we would simply say that my divorce had gone through all right. So everything seemed to have turned out just as shipshape as the heart could wish.

We rented a little flat in Chicago and went to housekeeping. To me, it seemed

like beginning right after a false start, and he said he felt the same way about it. He worked hard and had a great deal of work and I helped him at it as long as my health would permit, until I had to go to the hospital—that was when Dicky came. Ezra had to send a large sum of money to his ex-wife every month, so we did not have much to live on. Carrying all that burden was a great strain on him and he worked too hard over it, with my hospital bills added, and other things that I did not then know about. He frequently drank, too, to forget his troubles, and when he was in this condition he was apt to become abusive, though in his sober moments no one could be kinder or more loving.

When I had been back from the hospital a month and was beginning to get on my feet again but was still weak, I came home one evening from taking baby out for a short walk and found him lying dead on the floor of the bath room—he had shot himself with a 32 calibre revolver that we kept on hand for protection from burglars. The poor boy had found the burden too heavy for him to carry longer, and a couple of empty bottles on the floor showed where he had got the courage for his act.

He left us penniless, for the house down

home was in the name of the former Mrs. Strong, and immediately someone else, that neither of us knew about, turned up with a claim for it, founded on a tale of a still earlier marriage. I let them fight it out between them, for I had had his love, and that was enough for me. I borrowed some money and laid him away in Graceland Cemetery, with a beautiful stone which told about our marriage but did not mention the previous ones. Dicky I sent down to mother, as I was too weak to look after him myself and work too, and had no means to hire a nurse.

So I had to think right away about where I should get work. I finally decided to take a position as entertainer in a cabaret, where I had a little singing and dancing to do that was agreeable and not too much for my strength. The proprietor was a Jew named Rubin and I could see that he meant mischief from the start, so I determined to avoid him. I could not altogether escape his attentions, though, for he would pinch me and try to put his arms around me whenever he had the chance.

There was a nice young fellow of about my own age who was one of the singers in the cabaret, and sometimes he would see me home to my boarding house. I always

understood that he was unmarried; at least, that is the impression he gave; but one can never be certain of a matter like that. I, too, was careful to let him think that I was unmarried. Well, so I was, for I had by this time forgotten my first unhappy venture, and Dicky was not in evidence.

This boy, Duncan, reminded me strangely of Jack. He seemed to have some sort of an influence over me, and when he was near I could do nothing but sit and look at him and listen to his speech, which was very musical. I was always happy when I was with him, for I was sure that he respected me. He did not have the air of so many men, who seem to say, you are no better than you ought to be, of every woman they meet outside rich people's drawing rooms.

Rubin, the Jew, was not at all a man of this stripe, and he and Duncan had a fight over me in which they punched each other's heads and bruised each other up dreadfully. I thought it was very nice of Duncan to defend me in this way, but I did not dare to take his part openly as it would cost me my job, so I let him go away thinking me rather shabby. After this Rubin felt that he owned me, and I think he actually did, for I had seen so much hard luck that I

would do anything rather than be dismissed and have to hustle for something else to do. But I told him plainly that I would permit no intimacies unless he married me, and this he promised to do.

My experience with men had taught me this grain of wisdom—always make the man perform his part of the bargain first. If you want to be happy, trust nobody. Rubin kept promising, but as long as he delayed the ceremony, I held him at arm's length, which made him furious but kept him submissive. During our courtship I saw Duncan once or twice and explained to him how it was that I had seemed to throw him down, and that I had not meant to do so. The poor kid was in the hardest kind of luck, and I gave him a small sum of money which I borrowed from Rubin. I afterwards learned that he lost it all that night at cards in the back room of a saloon.

Well, the day finally came, and we had a big Jewish wedding in the ball-room of a Chicago hotel. Oh, it was done in proper style, I assure you! It was the most expensive wedding I ever had. The groom's mother and father were there, and all his brothers and sisters, and they all blessed us and wished us joy. Abe's face was a study in grins. He was as happy as a two-year-

old, and I believe it was the first time for him, for he certainly behaved that way.

We went to live over the cabaret and I kept on with my work, the same as before. Abe was the simplest thing you ever saw—a perfect softie—and had all the story-book ideas about what marriage ought to be. It is true that I did see Duncan again, but I explained to him how dangerous it would be if Abe should happen to hear of it, and that he had better not come to this part of town, but we could arrange to meet casually, as it were, at the public library or Marshall Field's on certain days and take little trips into the country. I must have been insane to think that I could keep up a deception of this sort without Abe's hearing of it, but I was very much in love with Duncan and this got the better of my prudence. On these occasions I always paid all the expenses, as Duncan never had any money, and I was willing to do so, if only for the relief it gave me from the monotony of existence.

This went on for two years. Then Abe suddenly woke up to the true state of affairs. He began questioning me about the way I spent my money. I replied that it was none of his business. One thing led to another; I do not know exactly how it came

about. I may have compared him with Duncan; I am not sure. At any rate, when he commenced questioning I seemed suddenly to lose all prudence and to feel that it might as well come out now as at some other time; that to confess all would be a welcome relief. At any rate, I confessed all. He took it calmly, even generously; suggested that the best way out would be for me to get a divorce, which he would not contest. The laws of Illinois, I have found, are liberal in this respect, and allow you to get a divorce for almost anything, while some of the other States are most puritanical and narrow-minded. That is why I made it a rule, after that, always to get married in Illinois.

I thought, after I got the divorce, that Duncan and I would get married, as we loved each other, and love, after all, is the main thing to be considered. But there were the same obstacles in the way now that existed two years ago. We were both out of a job, for I did not have the effrontery to continue singing at the cabaret after my separation from Rubin. However, we saw a great deal of each other, and it was a great comfort to me to know that there was someone near by who really cared for me.

They say a burnt child dreads the fire,

and after my third venture I was chary of contracting another, though I did not object to letting my men friends spend all the money they liked on me. There seems to be something in me that attracts men, for I have never been without friends of that sex who were willing to stake me to a dinner or a small loan whenever I wanted it, and many of them could have been led to propose many a time had I desired it. There was a publisher who spent much time trying to make a writer of me, and promised me work if I would learn, but he had his labor for his pains. It took all the tact I could muster to keep him from coming to the point on one occasion. Then there was a Judge who was on cordial terms with a number of girls and invited them to come sit on the bench with him—some of them were actually the schoolmates of his own daughter. I cultivated his acquaintance because I thought he might help me get that long overdue divorce from Jack, which he probably could, but I decided after all that it would be wisest to say nothing at all about it. Too much water had since gone by the mill, and I decided to stand by my mental divorce which I had given myself by forgetting about the marriage completely.

A few months after the passing of Rubin I had to go to the hospital again, and Melmoth appeared on the scene. The question of a name perplexed me much, for I could not bring myself to call him Abe Junior or Ikey, so I took a name from an old book that had a sort of Jewish sound. I sent word at once to Rubin by a friend, and he came and wanted me to let his mother take the boy and bring him up in the Jewish faith. I hesitated over this, as I had the best right in law to the child, since I had been the one to get the divorce, and keeping it would mean a certain allowance which I knew would be liberal. But I was young yet, and did not wish to be burdened with a child, so I said farewell to Melmoth, stipulating that I might be allowed to see him whenever I desired to do so. I felt no real longing ever to see him again, but it is always best to make some reservation of this sort, for you never can tell when it will be useful. As it was, Abe made me a present of money, I believe out of gratitude, though I cannot see how he could have felt that way about it. As I said, Abe was a very weak character.

Seven years passed very pleasantly, and I was going on to my twenty-eighth year, a popular young matron, and doing very well

in a business way. I had sent for my boy Dicky, who was now nine, and old enough to take care of himself and me too, for that matter, for I found him very good company. Some of my friends were very fond of Dicky; Duncan thought a great deal of him and liked to take him out and play with him. I had to put a stop to this, for I found that Duncan was taking him to places where he had no business to be, and little pitchers have long ears. I had grown rather plump, always made it a point to dress well, and lent tone and distinction to any company. I had the entree of several fine houses, for I made use of my shorthand and good looks and acted as secretary for various charitable and social affairs that were gotten up by the ladies of the Gold Coast, which is what they call the most exclusive residence section of Chicago.

Dicky was really the means of bringing about my fourth marriage. I was sitting on a bench in Lincoln Park one day, when I had taken him to see the animals, and he was playing down by the edge of the lagoon, near enough for me to see him, when a gentleman sat down beside me and spoke to me.

"I have often noticed you and the little boy in the park," he said, "and have not

been able to make up my mind whether he is your son or your brother!"

My brother, mind you! Did I really look as young as all that, or was it just flattery designed to get my notice? At any rate, it was good to listen to, and I replied politely and with a sort of lisp that I put on when I want to attract, that he was my son.

This led to quite a conversation, in which he told me he was a widower with a son and daughter almost grown, where he lived, and something about his circumstances. Of course, I should have refused to listen to him, but my first impulse always is to be friendly, and I cannot be rude in a cold-blooded way. Perhaps if I could, I would be spared much trouble. But in fact, I was not at all displeased by this stranger, liked his manner and sized him up for an evident gentleman. It ended by his seeing us home and setting a date when he would call.

After that, Mr. Passman—for that was his name—called again and again. During the three months of our courtship I never saw his son and daughter, though he showed me their pictures. They seemed sturdy children. I understood from him that they were away at a boarding school in Massachusetts. He pointed out to me his house

on a very nice North Side street, where we would live after our marriage. He said he owned all the houses on his block, which he had bought through the profits of an iron business in which he was the chief partner. He promised to send Dicky to a fashionable school and to give me an automobile and chauffeur all for my own. I bit at this, just as though I had been a green schoolgirl instead of a survivor of three marital disasters, and only got on to the fact that it was all a lie after we were married and he began to tell me what he expected of me.

Why are men such brutes when it comes to getting married? I will tell you—it is because they want to take everything and give nothing. In this they are like all women. In business it is the same way, and marriage is a sort of business; it must be conducted on business principles to make it successful. If the parties are in love, it is different, but it is not given to all of us to marry for love. Some of us are merely gamblers.

Mr. Passman took me to a hotel, alleging that his house had not yet been prepared for our homecoming. Then, when he got me alone, he told me that he had no house, no son and daughter, no property whatever, but that he expected me to support him and

to make acquaintances of men so that I could get money for him. I was utterly disgusted at once at this, and protested vigorously, at which he treated me with violence, pulling my hair and calling me all sorts of bad names. He said it served me right for marrying a man who had picked up an acquaintance with me in a public park. I began to be really afraid of him and seemed to fall in with his schemes in order to save myself from further abuse. Dicky had gone to stay with Duncan until he might join me at Mr. Passman's house, so the very next day I hunted them up and told Duncan all about the trouble I had fallen into.

Duncan had been a great help to me in many ways, and promised to stand by me in this. By his advice I decided to stick it out for a few days and see what would happen. I even met Duncan in the lobby of the hotel while he watched us from the mezzanine floor, to lead him to think that I was falling in with his plans, and he watched us go off together. Every night he subjected me to abuse for not producing as much money as he expected. He must have thought I was a fool, or madly in love with him, to stand for all that nonsense,

but I was really only waiting developments, which came quickly.

At the end of that very week he became violently insane. It started by a stormy scene between us in our room, when he threw a pillow at me and taxed me with keeping back money from him. Then he picked up a chair as though he was going to brain me with it, and I snatched the telephone receiver off the hook and began to yell, which brought the hotel people to the door in no time. He would not unlock it, but I continued to scream and they broke in and captured him apparently in an act of violence, though he had only taken up a hairbrush to smoothe out his hair, which was rumpled. They took him to the police station and it was not a very hard job for one of those wise physicians who loaf around there to find him insane. My testimony, which I made strong, I assure you, confirmed this conclusion, and poor old Roderick was sent to live behind lock and key, where he may be at the present moment for all I know or care.

Well, I was free once more, in spite of all the pains I had taken to entangle myself in the bonds of matrimony. I drifted right back to my social-secretary ways, which I had not left for very long after all. I had

lots of money and few expenses beyond the modest living that Dicky and I required. It is true that a small amount continued to go in the direction of Duncan, which I never begrudged, for he had been a great comfort to me when I most needed it. I was thoroughly convinced that he would never be capable of earning his own living, let alone a wife's, and though he occasionally spoke of marriage I always repelled it because I had made up my mind that my next venture, if it ever came, would have to be an absolutely sure thing financially before I would even consider it.

Then came the War. So many of our brave boys hurried off at the first call—Duncan among the rest. I was not sorry for this, for he had been too much interested of late in a certain Kate Tennant in whom he had aroused false hopes, and I thought it was high time they should part. Before he left for overseas he pressed me again to marry him, but I refused, being of no mind to run the risk of a maimed or disabled husband for all the rest of my life. So I contented him by telling him that he might consider that we were engaged and we would write to each other once a month. I thought that would make life seem a little bit easier for the dear boy, and wanted to

do my bit both for him and my country. As to the actual marrying—that question could wait for discussion later. He took out the Government insurance for ten thousand dollars—all they would allow—and made Dicky his beneficiary, with the idea of providing a fund for his education in case anything should happen. Dick and I went to New York and waved good-bye to him from the pier, and I felt quite sad over it. Dick cried as though his heart would break. It was as though we were losing our best friend.

Duncan's letters came regularly. I wrote, too, according to our agreement, at least at the start. I confess I slowed off a bit later, for I am not a good correspondent and there really was nothing to say about things in this country; it was all going on over there. I was awfully busy with red cross work and Liberty bonds—I went through the restaurants and talked to the people at the tables and asked them to buy Liberty bonds, which was very patriotic work, even if it did pay very well. There was a time when I lost track of Duncan for six months or more, then I heard that he was back in this country, and a young man called on me one day and said that Duncan was in the Walter Reid Hospital at Washington very badly

wounded and not expected to live. I went on at once.

Duncan was there. He had been gassed and while he was still lying on the field unconscious, a piece of a shell had hit him and taken off one of his legs. He had a long spell of it in a hospital at Passy, in France, and had got well enough so that they had shipped him back to America, but now he had taken a turn for the worse, was frequently unconscious and raving, and the doctor was quite sure that he would not last very much longer. In his ravings he had often spoken my name and called for me, and they thought my presence might help to keep him quiet. When I went up to see him he was conscious but very weak. He recognized me at once, said he was glad to see me, that he loved me every bit as much as ever, and if I felt the same way, would I not marry him before he died.

It was very pathetic, and in the face of all this herosism and suffering even the most iron-clad resolutions were liable to totter. I cried a great deal, called him my dear boy, kissed him and stroked his head. "Then that's all settled," he said. "Send for the priest." Under any other circumstances I would resent this as a high-handed method of hurrying me into an unwilling marriage,

but it was quite plain to me that he was even then dying. I consented to do as he wished, the priest came, and after the doctor had administered stimulants, Duncan and I were married. He whispered to me that among his belongings I would find a little tin box which contained nearly all the salary he had received during his term of service, and this he gave to me as a wedding present. He wanted to be buried in a military cemetery among others who had fallen in the cause of humanity. In a couple of hours all was over. I took charge of his things, including the tin box, and two days later attended his funeral at Arlington in a new set of widow's weeds, which I had thought never to wear again. Then I went back to Chicago.

I can truly say that my last marriage was the only one in which there has been any semblance of love. Have I done wrong? I do not think so. Whether a girl marries for love or for money, or for some other reason, is her own affair, and no one has a right to call her to account but her husband and her God. Her reasons are her own, she runs the risk, and pays the price, as the saying is, if her plans go astray. Each must live his or her own life, and it is not for an outsider to object.

My life has been more remarkable than

the usual girl's life, since it has included five matrimonial experiences. That is perhaps too many, yet I would not give up a single one if I could. Each has been a part of my education, from each I have gained some knowledge, some advantage that will fit me to be the ideal helpmeet to the ideal husband if he should ever come along. For I am convinced that, with all the experience that I have had, I at last know enough either to make that ideal match, or to stay unwed.

Will there be a sixth? That I cannot say. I should say that no motive that has ever influenced me to say "yes" before will ever influence me to say "yes" again. I have a nice home, though it consists only of two rooms in a boarding house. I have an ideal companion in my son Dick, who goes everywhere with me and is devoted to me. This boon I owe to Jack, my first husband, of whom I often think. He is getting to be quite a big boy now, and to look like his father, with the same handsome face and shiny black hair. Sometimes when he comes into the room suddenly I think it is Jack come back, and get up and kiss him, much to his surprise. I watch for him when he is out, and love to hear his voice when he is in the house. Perhaps I bother him with my attentions, but he is always gentle and

patient with me. Would his father be as kind if he were here? If Jack should turn up, would I take him back into my heart and life? Always I answer this question by saying, no, I am too wise to let the lightning strike me twice in the same spot. Still, I can't be sure. Recently a report has reached me that Jack has finished a long term of service in the Navy and is preparing to go on the vaudeville stage. I am crazy to see what he looks like now—if he has the same boyish way, the same earnest expression that I remember so well when he was speaking. Some time ago I had made up my mind to study for the vaudeville stage, as I am told that I have a natural aptitude for that sort of work. Perhaps our paths will yet cross once more. If so, I shall be delighted to see him, I shall greet him with great friendliness, but we will be utter strangers to one another. Unless—

JOE GOULD:

A Chapter from Joe Gould's Oral History

ART

WHEN I told Estlin Cummings that Edward Nagle had asked me to write a chapter on art, he nearly wrote it for me. He said, "You can say, 'Art consists in bumming cigarettes. A person who gives me a cigarette is an aesthete. There are no aesthetes in America, It is a very Philistine country.'" In a way I would agree with Cummings that art is essentially the expression of personality.

Edward Nagle once accused me of being a barbarian because a picture merely as a picture did not mean anything to me. I saw in it only the expression of the man who had painted it. I was glad when Gaston Lachaise took up the cudgels on my behalf. He said that art was essentially a means of self-expression.

I was unable to understand Lachaise's

indignation because I once put a hat and an umbrella over one of his statues to cheer up Frances Perlstein, who was feeling very glum. Lachaise was almost ready to murder me. Bill Brown said, "I never knew what sacrilege meant before." A little bit later some police-court reporters burned several volumes of my history because they resented a man's having intellectual interests. It was a great blow to me. I felt entirely lost because of their vandalism although I knew that in time I could replace the manuscript. It was one of the times when I felt that too much value was attached to merely human existence. The average man merely fills his belly and sleeps with his wife. He does not compare with any of the wild animals in the dignity of his existence, and when he dies he is equal to none of the domestic beasts in utility, for neither his hide nor his carcass are of any use.

I have seemed very cold blooded at times in expressing these views. When the Titanic went down I shocked Mrs. McDowall of Windymere Ranch, Beaver Mines, Alberta, very much by saying that I hoped no works of art were lost. She said that several human souls were destroyed. To make another human being all that is

needed is a man and a woman and a spasm of lust. To make a poem or a painting or a piece of music, you need heredity, environment and the divine gleam.

Professor Robert William Rogers considered the pyramids sinister because they were built on human misery. It seems to me that it was as legitimate for him to have used slave labor as to employ other beasts of burden. These men were better employed at quarrying stone for his purposes than in leading purely vegetable lives.

In mediaeval times the honor of knighthood conferred equality upon all who possessed it, whether an emperor or the impoverished lord of a single castle. It may be because my own domain is scant, but I have the feeling that all who have the impulse to create are equal. To express oneself, that individuality which differentiates man from the brute, is the worthy thing.

Sincerity is the ultimate test, and there are two supreme dangers. We are tempted to follow the path by which someone else has won success or perhaps we pay others the compliment of deliberately trying to be different, and an originality which is too self-conscious is only another form of imitation.

The creative artist should imitate God, or the child at play, not the man toiling in a factory or at a desk. Spontaneity should be so much ingrained in him as to be entirely unconscious. A girl can visualize the dreams of her sex as well with a bundle of rags as with an elaborate doll. It is the intensity of childhood's vision that makes it valuable. I have no doubt but what God created the world in the same spirit as a child's play dream. At any rate, the All-Father was not obsessed with technique. In many respects He sacrificed perfection for intensity. Neither did God seek the praise of the gallery, for He spent as much effort in making the Dinosaur which no collector had learned to prize as He did upon the three-legged horses which Barnum used to exhibit. Most modern artists are too much impressed with Barnumism and think only in terms of exhibitions.

There are many foes of art according to my definition. The process of education is devoted to making the all-round man. He is the raw material out of which artists are made, and he is very raw indeed. Under present day conditions, he is not even allowed to find that joy in his daily work which makes it creative.

I am glad that some friends have found

enjoyment in these pages. However my impulse to express life in terms of my own observation and reflection is so strong, that I would continue to write, if I were the sole survivor of the human race, and believed that my material would be seen by no other eyes than mine.

Estlin Cummings—to return again to the lower level with which this chapter started—once asked me how I reconciled my belief in a friendly, genial God with a sense of humor to the hardships under which I was at that moment laboring. A mood of self-pity came over me. It was hard to be hungry and shabby and worried over finance, and to be deceived by friends and in such a mental state that I, who had smoked the peace-pipe with Water Chief and ought to be strong and honest above all other whites, found myself completely unnerved and untrustworthy when deprived of cigarettes. At the moment I could not answer him. But when I pondered the matter over the answer came. I have not had a hard time. A pinched stomach, a humiliating situation to my pride, and mental torment have never stayed my pen. I have always been able to do that which I felt was worth doing. What cause have I to rail at fate?

MODERN THOUGHT

"We are tired of government in which there is no responsible person having a hind-name, a front name and an address."

B. MUSSOLINI

"The banking business is declared a state monopoly.

"The interests of the small depositors will be safeguarded."

VL. ULIANOV (KRYLENKO, PODVOISKY, AND GORBUNOV)

"The duty of a being is to persevere in its being and even to augment the characteristics which specialize it."

REMY DE GOURMONT

"People are not charming *enough*."

LE SIEUR MCALMON

THE EXILE

Even the cursory critic will observe several flaws in the present number, which the editor has already observed. Mr. McAlmon's contribution is part rapportage and part "story," We know that. Mr. Mc Almon in Paris has felt the need of recording Minnesota; Mr. McAlmon in Arizona has felt the need of recording Paris, doubtless to dispel the foolish ideas entertained in the far parts concerning the "Quarter" (yanquipolonais). On returning to Paris, Mr. McAlmon desired to suppress his account. As I wish both to present literature, and to leave some record of the present, I have preserved his manuscript.

1. The carrefour by the Dome in one year, or two years, about 1922-3 had rather the air of a suburban strawberry festival in the America of my youth. A couple of years later this same carrefour had rather the air of Eighth Avenue, New York, on a Saturday night in or about 1910, except for the gaiety of the paper lanterns, in place of that of the metal street lamps. Booze in literature is a pest; we owe its resurgence in contemporary letters to our autocthonous

imbecility and to its expression in one of the worst legal outrages of all time. The Eighteenth Amendment is the prize specimen of the *kind* of law that makes all civic and social life impossible. I do not believe that any state in which officials are permitted to interfere with the private habits of the inhabitants can either persist or develop. The precise point at which this interference occurs is of no special interest; it might apply to cod liver oil, epsom salts or persimmons. As to American inebriety, one should correlate Mr. McAlmon's record with a passage in Henry James (A Small Boy and Others) where he speaks of America:

"The field was strictly covered, to my young eyes, I make out, by three classes, the busy, the tipsy, and Daniel Webster—."

STELLA BREEN, who is in private life George Steele Seymour of Chicago, introduces his manuscript to us with the statement: "Mencken said the woman was a very ordinary type."

MR. JOE GOULD'S prose style is uneven.

NOTE RE 1ST NUMBER

Extract of Mr. Price's account of the New York Customs House.

"An assistant customs appraiser grabbed my arm the other day and said, 'Say, the fellow that wrote that stuff in your magazine must be a narcotic fiend! Nobody has thoughts like those except under the influence of drugs! We don't want stuff like that here—we're going to have to defend our women and children against the Bolsheviks pretty soon!!' "

In fact, the behavior of a customs department plus the state of our copyright laws are such that but for Mr. Covici undertaking to print this second issue, the the editors would have desisted.

Why the United States has a copyright law designed chiefly to encourage theft, I am unable to say.

As to Mr. Coolidge's economic policy, I have one further suggestion—namely, that he can completely eliminate the cost of lunatic asylums by dressing the present inmates in customs uniforms and placing them in ports and along the frontiers. This will dispense with the present employees entirely and the public will be just as well served.

Notice to Contributors

Anybody attempting to contribute to this periodical ought to know at least two languages. If intending collaborators do not already know French, I suggest that they learn it first and submit manuscript after they have.

This number is published, and subsequent numbers will be published, by Pascal Covici, Chicago.